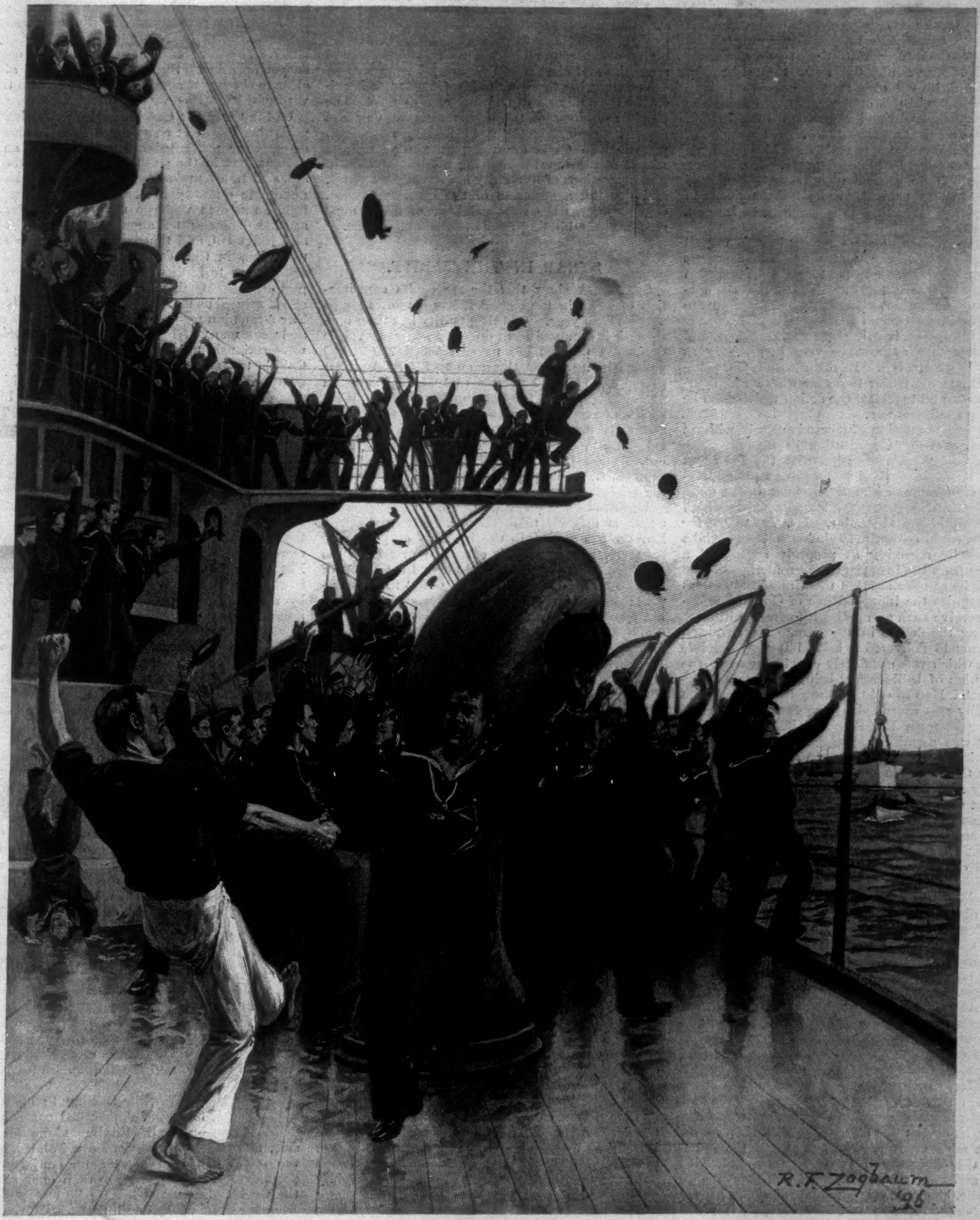
Ann Arbor School District
NO. ONE,
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

HARPER'S A WEEKLY
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLI.—No. 2111.
Copyright, 1897, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1897.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE WINNING CREW.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 570.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)
NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 5, 1897.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

THE new administration is confronted at the outset with a difficult and delicate problem, which its predecessor labored vainly to solve. The rebellion in Cuba against Spanish rule long ago became too important for our government to ignore, and the questions growing out of the protracted strife were the most puzzling with which President CLEVELAND had to deal during the last year of his term. The lapse of time only serves to increase the difficulties of the situation.

Mr. McKINLEY already finds that, like Mr. CLEVELAND, he not only cannot expect any help from Congress in this matter, but that the legislative department will make his task all the harder. The last President suffered both from the desire of his political opponents to embarrass him and from a lack of support in his own party. Mr. McKINLEY has had no quarrel with those who elected him, but a large proportion of the Republicans in Congress are unwilling to allow him to frame a Cuban policy.

The Senate is a worse offender in this respect than the House. The upper branch of Congress has passed, by a vote of 41 to 14, a joint resolution declaring that war exists in Cuba, and that our government should accord the rights of belligerents to the insurgents. Should the lower branch concur in this resolution, it will go to the President, and he must either approve or veto it, precisely as though it were a bill. In other words, Congressmen assume the power to decide whether belligerency exists, and to dictate the action which shall be taken by the Executive.

Such an assumption of power is utterly without warrant in either Constitution or history. The provision of the Constitution that the President "shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers" confers upon him the decision of the question whether the government really exists which sends a would-be ambassador. Mr. McKINLEY, for example, could recognize the independence of Cuba any day by receiving as properly accredited a minister from the insurgent government. In like manner he can declare that the United States does not recognize the independence of Cuba by refusing to receive such an applicant for recognition.

During the debate in the Senate Mr. SPOONER of Wisconsin delivered a brief but very forcible speech, which was absolutely conclusive as to the recognition of belligerency being purely an Executive act. He showed that the power to proclaim neutrality was exercised by the first President in the war between England and France, and that GRANT was permitted by Congress to pursue his way with reference to the recognition of Cuba during the rebellion on the island a quarter of a century ago. He demonstrated the grave danger of most serious troubles from the interference of Congress with this prerogative of the President.

But argument is wasted on our modern Senate, and Mr. SPOONER's logic and history alike were wasted on his colleagues. Even his appeal as a Republican to his fellow-partisans not to force the hand of their President by compelling him to sign or to disapprove such a resolution carried little weight, as a majority of them voted, with nearly all of the opposition, for the usurpation of Executive power. Good observers report that the House would concur with the Senate if it should be given a chance. For the present, Speaker REED, who is the virtual dictator of that body, restrains it from any action, but it is doubtful whether he can prevent a vote for many weeks.

Apparently Jingo sentiment is stronger in Congress now than ever before. The Senate as a conservative force in the government has broken down, and the only check upon the most reckless action is the restraining influence of the Speaker, who fortunately happens to be as sensible as he is powerful in this matter. It is almost appalling to contemplate the crisis which might be precipitated if a weak and flighty man sat in Mr. REED's chair.

While, however, it is true that sober-minded people throughout the country have no sympathy with Jingoes of the Senator MORGAN type, who scarcely conceal their purpose and desire to provoke a war with Spain, there is a widespread popular feeling that, sooner or later, the McKINLEY administration must take some action which will put an end to a situation in Cuba that has become intolerable. The President himself seems to share this feeling. He has asked Congress to appropriate money for the relief of American citizens who are suffering in Cuba. He has sent a trusted messenger of his own to the island to investigate the situation and make an early report.

The logic of events can hardly fail to force an onward step in the near future. Such a step would apparently have been inevitable if no change of administration had occurred. In his last annual message to Congress, six months ago, Mr. CLEVELAND pointed out that "it cannot be reasonably assumed that the hitherto expectant attitude of the United States will be indefinitely maintained," and declared that, if the struggle for the re-establishment of the Spanish sovereignty should degenerate into a strife which means nothing more than the useless sacrifice of human life and the utter destruction of the island itself, "a situation will be presented in which our obligations to the sovereignty of Spain will be superseded by higher obligations, which we can hardly hesitate to recognize and discharge."

The situation foreseen by Mr. CLEVELAND is evidently impending, if it does not already exist. The public sentiment of the civilized world will not much longer endure the spectacle which has been presented in Cuba for the past two years, and which grows more harrowing month by month. The obligations of humanity are the highest of all, and demand a cessation of the horrible contest. Our nation, as the next neighbor of Cuba, must recognize the binding force of these obligations.

SUGAR IN THE TARIFF.

STATISTICS show that the per capita consumption of sugar in the United States is more than 63 pounds each year. Of this quantity less than one-seventh is obtained from domestic sources. While the home product has never reached 730,000,000 pounds in any year, the import of foreign sugar passed 4,345,000,000 pounds in 1894, and is on an average about 3,700,000,000 pounds annually. With such an enormous movement a small duty on raw sugar will produce a large revenue, and this article is the most important revenue-paying import in the entire tariff list. It can be made to yield more than $50,000,000 a year in revenue without increasing the burden of the tax-payer.

Unfortunately the rate of duty to be paid by sugar is difficult to determine. All Continental Europe has gone into the business of producing sugar from beet, and by excessive protection the industry has been stimulated beyond the needs of the home markets. To find an outlet for the surplus, bounties were offered, and this general policy has resulted in supplying a neutral foreign market —like England—with cheaper sugars than are enjoyed by the populations of the producing countries. Europe has each year an increasing quantity of beet sugar to be disposed of, and in the competition for sales the price is low to the purchaser.

This policy of encouraging a home product of sugar from beet has acted disastrously on the older industry of growing sugar-cane in the colonies of these European powers. Not one of these powers can afford to buy the cane product, for every pound of such sugars narrows the market for the beet sugar. Even England is entirely supplied by beet sugars from the Continent, and has seen her sugar colonies slowly decaying and suffering from a strangling depression. Shut out from Europe, the only large market for cane sugar was to be found in the United States, and that is a monopoly market of the strictest kind.

For there is only one great purchaser of sugars in the United States—the Sugar Trust, so called. The immense investments represented by sugar plants and purchases of raw sugars for refining are controlled by one corporation. This corporation fixes the price for the Louisiana cane-grower as well as for the beet-raiser of Nebraska or California. It has its agents in Cuba, the Philippine Islands, and Europe, buying wherever it can buy the cheapest, and setting one market against another to secure low prices. Its power over the cane product is wellnigh absolute, and it uses the beet sugar to check any attempt of the cane-growers to throw off its domination. Much as may be said in favor of the decided improvements in sugar manufacture introduced by this concentration and organization of a great industry, it is unquestionably bad for the producer to sell in a market monopolized so rigidly against his interest.

The trust has built up a monopoly of purchase through favoring industrial conditions. It depends upon tariff legislation for a monopoly of sales. The duty on raw sugars is a revenue duty; that on refined is a protective duty. To give too high a protective duty is to permit the trust to control beyond redress the regulation of prices to the consumer. The Senate bill has imposed a compound duty—specific and ad valorem—on sugars, which gives the trust a greater advantage than it now possesses: an advantage against every consumer of sugar in the United States. Careful estimates show that nearly one-half cent a pound profit is given to the trust on every pound of sugar refined—a profit which means tens of millions of dollars. Such a duty assures for it as great a power over the consumer as it now enjoys over the producer; and no single duty in the Senate measure requires a fuller explanation of the motives leading to it.

CONCERT OR CZAR?

THE Concert of Europe has accomplished three things. It has crushed Greece, resuscitated the Sultan, and established the Czar as the arbiter of Europe. It is scarcely surprising that some of its members, notably England, feel chagrined and bitter. The full significance of the result may not be yet apparent. Sufficient is, however, already clear to show that coming developments in the Levant will be of no ordinary interest.

Of the three, the Greek disaster is the least important. The same characteristics that caused her defeat have prevented her from playing any important part in the politics of Europe in the past, and will in all probability continue to make her a negligible quantity in the future. Enthusiastic, brave, ready to undergo the greatest privations, she has demonstrated anew her lack of discipline and judgment, and that inability patiently to mature plans in their details which is as essential to national as to individual success. Far more important is the rehabilitation of the Sultan. A year ago it seemed as if he had about reached his limit. The Armenian massacres had disgusted the world, and even many of his own people. The Moslems were seriously talking about a new and genuine Caliph to replace with Arab blood the Tartar usurper. It was openly said that he only held his place because of the difficulty of dividing his empire without a quarrel among the powers. To-day he is ruler of a united empire, victorious over his enemies, the commander of an enthusiastic and devoted army, and, confident in his position, coolly ignores the proposition for an armistice, and then announces conditions of peace which mean not merely the ruin as well as humiliation of Greece, but attack the very principle at the basis of all treaties with foreign powers. The European press, German, Russian, and Austrian, as well as English, French, and Italian, are for once unanimous, and in condemnation, but dare not indicate the means by which alone these demands can be effectually met and the Sultan reduced to his previous condition of subservience.

The Greek undoubtedly will revive. The Turk must in due time decline, for barbarism cannot continue its hold upon Europe. So far the results may be regarded as temporary, and, although serious, to be endured. The domination of Russia, however, is a fact of most grave import. That it is a fact is evident. Throughout the past two years, not to speak of the antecedent time, she has invariably held herself in reserve until the rest of Europe had announced its course, and then came in to make or mar as she chose. That she instigated and fostered both the Cretan insurrection and the Greek interference is believed universally by the Greeks and by many others. She probably did not intend that there should be actual war, but was quick to take advantage of it, left the suggestion of interference to others, kept silence while Germany encouraged the Sultan, and only stepped in herself when she saw that there was real danger of the Turks entering Athens. Then not only the Sultan but Emperor WILLIAM had to yield, and the German ambassador at Constantinople meekly announced to his colleagues that he had received instructions to act with them. In the same line is the understanding between Austria and Russia, evidenced by the Emperor's visit to St. Petersburg, the announcement of a harmonious Eastern policy, and the joint note to the Balkan States praising their recent action, or inaction.

In fact, the Czar, while holding to his alliance with France, has secured practical control of the Triple Alliance as well. England alone stands outside, more than ever splendidly isolated. What the result will be is matter for conjecture, not prophecy. Russia has more than once surprised the world. She may show a policy very different from the reactionary one hitherto followed. One very positive advantage has been gained. The farce of the concert is over. For Concert of Europe read Russia, and European politics will be much simpler.

THE TAILORS' STRIKE.

Developments in the annual tailors' strike in the East Side tenement district in New York, and in other cities, encourage the hope of prompt agreement upon a schedule of wages for the coming year which may be measurably acceptable both to strikers and the employers. There is not much disagreement as to the fact that the garment-makers are overworked and underpaid. Their numbers are constantly being swelled by immigration from Europe; their trade organizations are loose and hard to control; they are, as a rule, excitable people, distressed by hardship, and very many of them do not speak the language of this country. They are employed by "contractors," so called, who are in turn employed by wholesale manufacturers. Between these manufacturers competition is excessively keen, and in order to do business at a profit they must get their work done at a cost as low as their competitors pay. They pay the contractors as little as possible, and the contractors deal accordingly with the tailors. When the tailors strike, therefore, they strike against a condition in trade, and even when they win they find it hard to hold their gains. Their strength is in the reality of their distress. Their weakness is in the superabundance of persons capable of doing such work as they do. The cure for their condition would be for the manufacturers to agree on a just rate of wages; but that is very hard to bring about; for though the manufacturers would rather pay high wages than low, there are many of them, and new ones constantly start in business, and if any of them cut rates, the others, if they would not be undersold, must do the same.

Everybody sympathizes with the garment-workers in their annual spring struggle for a living wage. Cheap clothing is a good thing, but it may be cheaper than human nature can endure, and none of us wants that.

MISFITS.

Matthew Arnold used an apt simile when, to describe how perfectly our institutions seemed to be suited to us, he compared the people of the United States to "a man in a suit of clothes which fits him to perfection, leaving all his movements easy and unimpeded." At that time (the time of his first visit to America, in 1883) our Federal Senate impressed him as the best fitting of all our institutions. To-day it would doubtless impress any foreign observer as the most conspicuous misfit.

But though the most conspicuous, the Federal Senate is by no means the only illustration of the growing tendency to misfits. Senator Turpie of Indiana made this clear in his recent, widely quoted speech advocating the choice of United States Senators by popular election. After pointing out that it is not uncommon for State legislatures to waste an entire session in a vain attempt to elect a Senator, Mr. Turpie said: "The inability to elect by the legislative body is becoming more and more frequent. It is not a physical disability; it is rather a political or functional inability induced by the too close equilibrium of dissenting forces which are unable to unite upon a choice."

What Senator Turpie defines in a State legislature as a "too close equilibrium of dissenting forces" is what is meant in popular phrase when it is said of the Federal Senate that it is becoming a "factional body." That is, the Senate seems to be developing into a leaderless body, in which each Senator is an all-sufficient leader unto himself. Instead of dividing into parties, its members split into groups. To secure legislation, a measure must be framed, not on broad party lines, but in patch-work fashion, to satisfy this or that group; as when in framing a tariff bill it may be necessary to buy the support of this group with a certain duty on wool, or of that group with a certain duty on hides.

Now this is a condition with which we have long been familiar in the case of Continental parliaments—a condition of which we are constantly receiving fresh illustration. To-day, for example, in the Austrian Reichsrath, Count Badeni is trying to form a ministerial party out of the Clericals, Poles, and Czechs; while in the Italian Parliament Premier Rudini is attempting to hold together three or four nearly distinct groups led by as many men. In France this condition is recognized as chronic, having caused the changes in ministry of the last few years.

The comparison, however, is suggestive rather than conclusive. If our institutions do not fit us as perfectly as they once did, if the misfits seem much the same as the misfits of European institutions, it must be remembered that institutions, like clothes, may come to fit badly through long use, which is quite different from a bad fit at the start. In such a case the misfits are the easier smoothed out.

In short, to drop the simile, the growth of factionalism with us, the tendency to split into groups instead of to divide into parties, is probably due to temporary conditions in the process of readjustment to new issues and a new sectionalism. So long as our House of Representatives, like the English House of Commons, acknowledges the claims of political leadership, there is good reason to hope that the Senate will in time come again into smooth working relations with it.

THE MUNICIPAL SITUATION.

The preparatory movements for the municipal campaign are shaping themselves substantially as foreshadowed in these columns ten weeks ago. The different forces that are to fight the battle of next November for the control of the Greater New York, the Citizens' Union, Tammany Hall, and the Republican machine, are busily engaged in manœuvring for position. Until recently the two organizations of spoilsmen, under the leadership of Boss Sheehan and of Boss Platt respectively, affected to look down upon the Citizens' Union as a loose gathering of childish enthusiasts who should not be taken seriously. The hatred displayed in their utterances was genuine; for nobody appears more detestable to spoilsmen than he who undertakes to stand between them and their prey. But their apparent contempt for the Citizens' Union was not sincere, for they instinctively felt that there was behind that movement a public sentiment which might assume dangerous proportions. At first Tammany Hall paid more deference to that public sentiment than Boss Platt; for Tammany at least, by attacking the conduct of the present municipal administration, attempted something like argument—ridiculous though it was, considering that it was Tammany inviting comparisons—while Boss Platt in his great manifesto confined himself to expressions of haughty scorn for the "best citizens" who insolently presumed to dispute his sovereign prerogatives.

But of late the attitude of the bosses has become less lofty. No doubt Mr. Lauterbach truly portrayed the true inwardness of the spoils-hunter's heart when he said that, although a Republican, he would rather see the control of the great city go into the hands of Tammany Hall than into those of men who recognized no responsibility to any party organization. This utterance was more sincere than discreet; it perfectly accorded with Boss Platt's principles, but it was too honest to suit his tactics. Telling the truth is a luxury which a machine leader may but frugally indulge in. Rather to aid Tammany than to permit men who have nothing but good government in view to rule the city, is a thing that may be done by a follower of Boss Platt, but it must not be said. Likewise was Mr. Lauterbach's proclamation that the regular Republicans of the city would think of nothing but a "straight ticket of true and tried party men" for the municipal offices considered by Boss Platt a little too emphatic and sweeping, and, without going far astray, we may attribute Mr. Lauterbach's recent retirement from the local leadership to the impetuosity of his eloquence rather than to the state of his health. At any rate, Boss Platt has concluded that the "best citizens" of the Citizens' Union are, after all, not beneath his notice, and that if they will accept from his hands a Mayor of Greater New York satisfactory to him, he may be willing to consider what they may petition him for as to some of the other offices. In other words, the Republican machine under Mr. Platt's orders has manœuvred itself into a position in which it is open to a dicker. And in order to make any municipal dicker palatable to patriotic citizens, the boss boldly and solemnly advances the gold standard as the banner around which to rally for the municipal campaign all opponents of the wicked free coinage of silver. When the triumph of the gold standard is fully assured in Greater New York, Boss Platt will kindly take care of the rest.

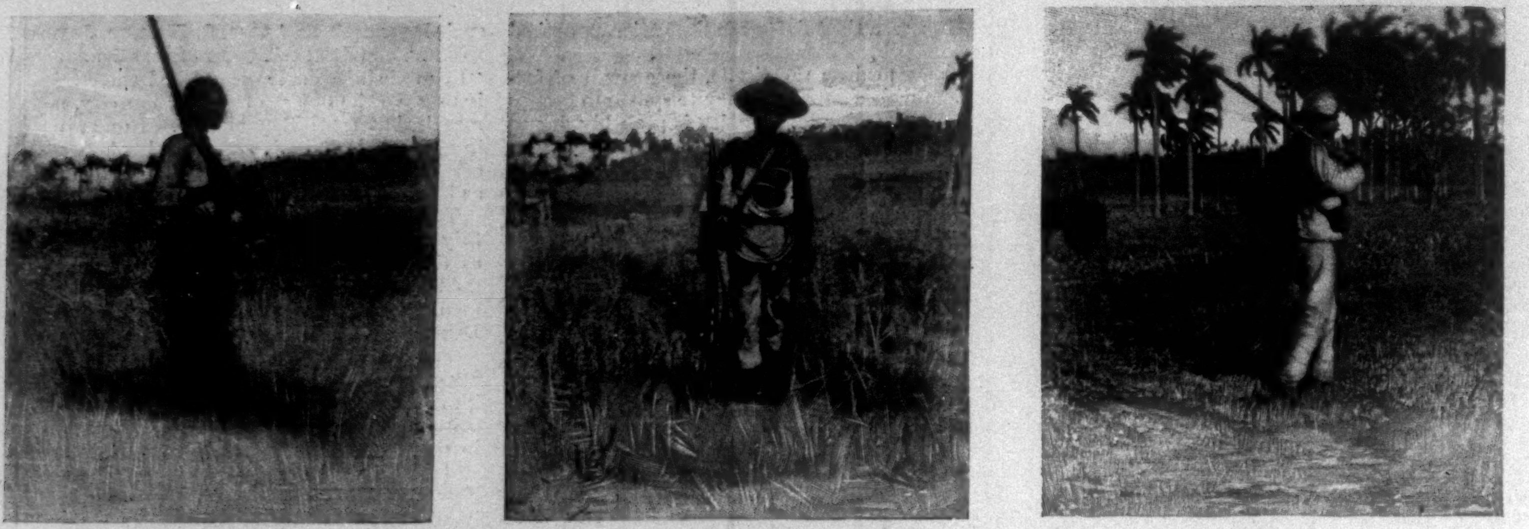
Tammany Hall, on the other hand, is not inclined to fight the battle on the gold-or-silver issue. It would rather have the people forget that last year it marched behind the drum of Bryan. It would therefore rally its hosts under the banner of "Democracy," whatever that may mean; and to that end it casts out its net for the sound-money Democrats, whom it hopes to organize as an auxiliary force. Thus it seeks to oppose to the Citizens' Union a "Democratic Union." The meeting at which this "Democratic Union" was to be launched will stand in the history of this campaign as one of its humorous curiosities. The Citizens' Union, among the foremost leaders of which are such Democrats as Abram S. Hewitt, Joseph Larocque, and James C. Carter, was denounced as a "Republican" contrivance. The Democratic Union is to have the object of saving the city, not from rascals, but from Republicans. Non-partisanship in municipal affairs is condemned as between Democrats and Republicans, but it is warmly advocated as between gold Democrats and silver Democrats.

The unique speech of Mr. Ellery Anderson fitly portrayed the logical consistency as well as the moral principle of the movement. "As a gold man," he said, "I am ready to say to all silver men, 'You may be right, and you have enough Democracy for me to shake hands with you as Democrats.' The silver issue will not come up again for three years. By that time Mr. Bryan himself may be a gold-bug, and all of you free-coinage silver men. That matter is not involved in the issues of to-day. Let us now get together and elect a good Democrat as Mayor of the Greater New York." Well, if Mr. Ellery Anderson, being now a gold man, does not know whether he will not be a silver man three years hence, does he know whether, calling himself now a Democrat, he will not three years hence be a Republican? There is just as much chance for the one as for the other; and he may therefore, not being sure of his own principles for the short space of three years, "shake hands" with anybody. Such a position may be satisfactory to Mr. Anderson and to his friends of the "Democratic Union"; but reasoning of this kind will hardly persuade any conscientious and clear-headed sound-money Democrat to become a mere tender to Tammany Hall. Such a Democrat will doubtless conclude that if, after a campaign like that of last year, the money question is to drop out of the municipal contest, a mere question of party label will certainly have no place in it, and that it will be his duty to join the side where he may find simply the most and the best friends of good government, which will surely not be the side of Tammany Hall.

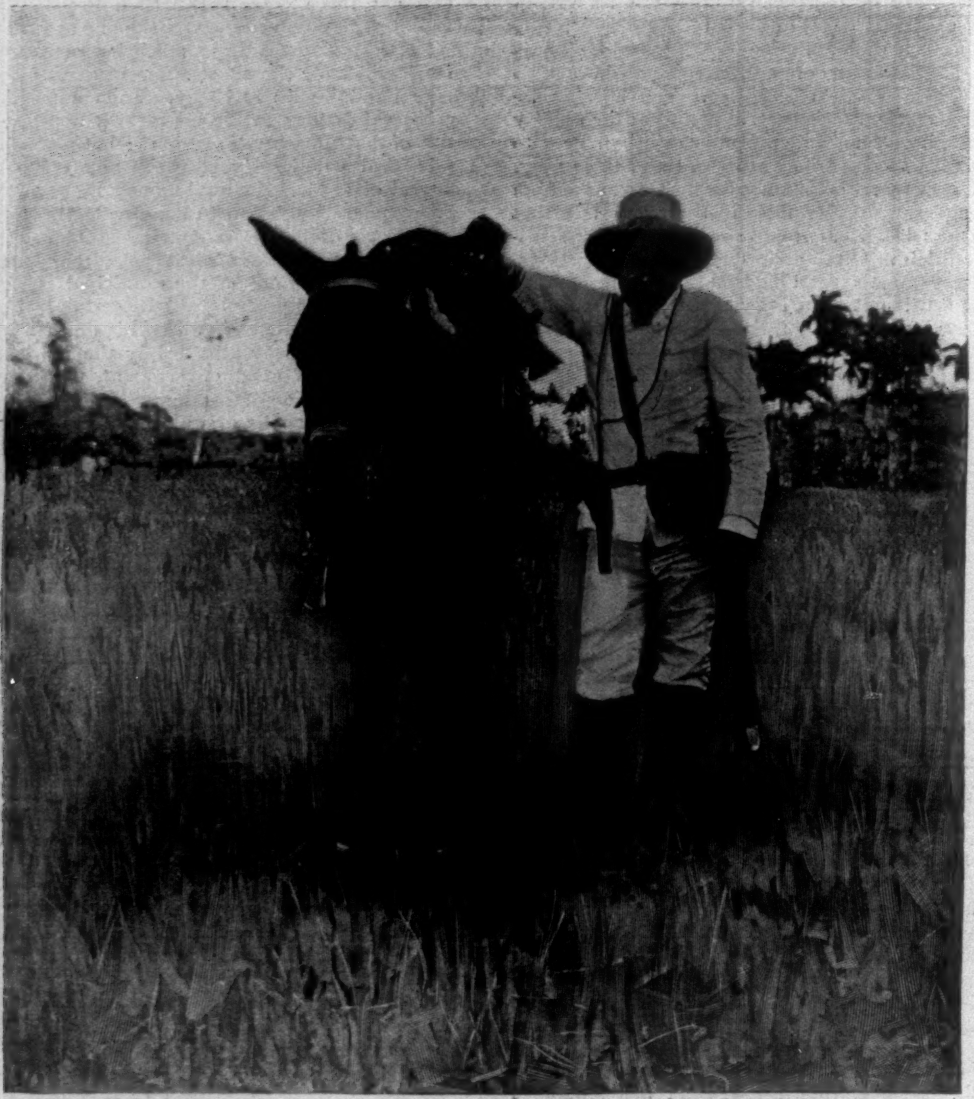
While the two spoils organizations are thus laboring to hold their own forces and to win outside adherents by striking conciliatory attitudes, the Citizens' Union has arrived at a critical period in its career. So far it has merely put forth its programme of non-partisan municipal government, with a few more commendable pledges, and upon the strength of this it has asked good citizens to enroll themselves under its auspices. This enrolment has proceeded tolerably well; but every day the number of good citizens is increasing who, before putting their names upon the roll, ask the question—not only "what are your principles?" but "who are your men?" There is good reason for this. The present city administration, although a vast improvement upon the Tammany régime, has in some respects disappointed just expectations. It has by no means come up to the true standard of non-partisan municipal government. It has in notorious instances yielded to the pressure of partisan organizations—sometimes very much to the public detriment. In this way it has not increased the prestige of independent movements, but rather created a certain distrust with regard to them. It is therefore by no means unnatural that many citizens should wish to know the men to be voted for before identifying themselves with this enterprise. This means that the Citizens' Union will have to make its nominations for the principal offices before long if it wishes to continue its advance in strength. And it will have to nominate men of high character and ability in a manner placing them above the suspicion of any bargain with any of the spoils organizations.

In this respect the public mind has become peculiarly sensitive. A trade with Tammany is, of course, considered out of the question. But a dicker with the Platt machine would be hardly less odious. In its latest development the Platt machine has approached Tammany so closely as to all the characteristic elements of wickedness and arrogance that there are many good citizens, even Republicans, who would hesitate to make a choice between the two. Moreover, the brazen insolence with which Mr. Platt, who has not even the qualifications of a voter in this city, presumes to play the dictator of our municipal government excites so much resentment that an extensive crumbling of his power before the close of this campaign would not be a matter of great surprise. Any political trade with him or any of his kind would, for the Citizens' Union, not only be an abandonment of principle, but also a blunder in tactics. For whatever the Citizens' Union lacks in organization and discipline it must make up in the enthusiasm of its followers. Any step calculated to shake their confidence would be destructive of its real strength and of its chances. For it the most honest and most courageous policy will, therefore, also be the safest—in fact, the only safe one.

Carl Schurz.

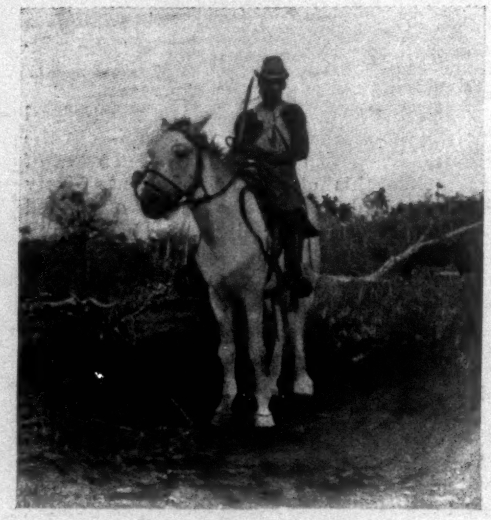


INFANTRYMEN OF GENERAL QUINTIN BANDERAS'S ARMY FROM THE EAST.



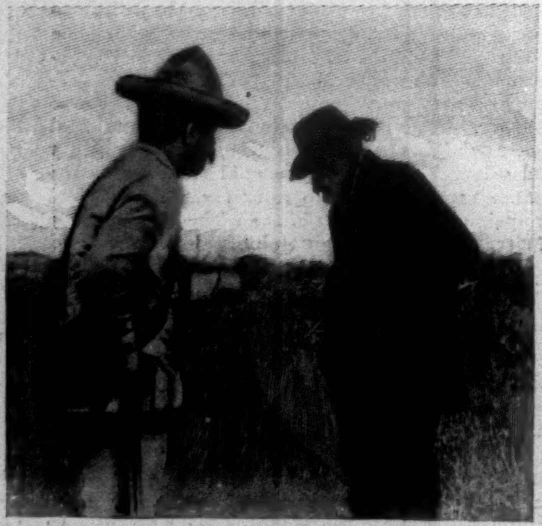
GENERAL QUINTIN BANDERAS,
Commanding the Orientales, or the Army from the East.

TROOPERS OF GENERAL BANDERAS'S COMMAND.



TROOPER OF GENERAL BANDERAS'S COMMAND.

AN ASISTENTE.



COLONEL BOSCO AND GENERAL GOMEZ.

A MEMBER OF GENERAL GOMEZ'S STAFF.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS—GOMEZ MEETS GENERAL BANDERAS AND THE ARMY FROM THE EAST.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR., OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

THE UNIVERSITY OF OHIO.

OHIO seems to have suddenly roused itself to the task—so long neglected—of securing unity in its school system, organization in educational work, and systematic gradation of pupil and student life from the lowest primary to graduation by a university of high standing. In this it is only following the example set by Michigan and the Western States generally. Now that it has started upon this new course, it bids fair to run the race with much zeal. There is every reason to believe that with its peculiar geographical position, with its large population and unusual wealth, the State will make rapid strides in recovering the ground lost by delay.

At the last session of the Legislature the direct revenues of the university from the State were just doubled by raising the annual State tax from one-twentieth to one-tenth of a mill. This gives about one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars annually for current expenses; to which must be added the amounts from the general government under the Morrill acts, the amounts from the proceeds of the original land grants under which the university was established, and the laboratory and other minor fees from the students. There are no tuition-fees, and all expenses are kept at the lowest possible point. The total annual revenues hereafter will not fall much short of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This is much less than the revenues of Michigan, Wisconsin, and other Western States, but it is a beginning which will so approve itself to the people of Ohio that there will be little if any question as to more liberal treatment hereafter.

In addition to this favorable legislation, the institution was given permission to anticipate its revenues by a loan of $300,000, to be used at once in the erection and equipment of much-needed buildings and for general improvement of the grounds. The campus, lying within the city limits of Columbus, consists of more than three hundred acres, beautifully located on the banks of the Olentangy River. Of this, 110 acres are parked and used for the campus proper, and the remainder is for the present in the farm used by the College of Agriculture—one of the six distinct colleges into which the university is now divided. Upon the campus proper are now being erected three buildings, sketches of two of which appear on this page.

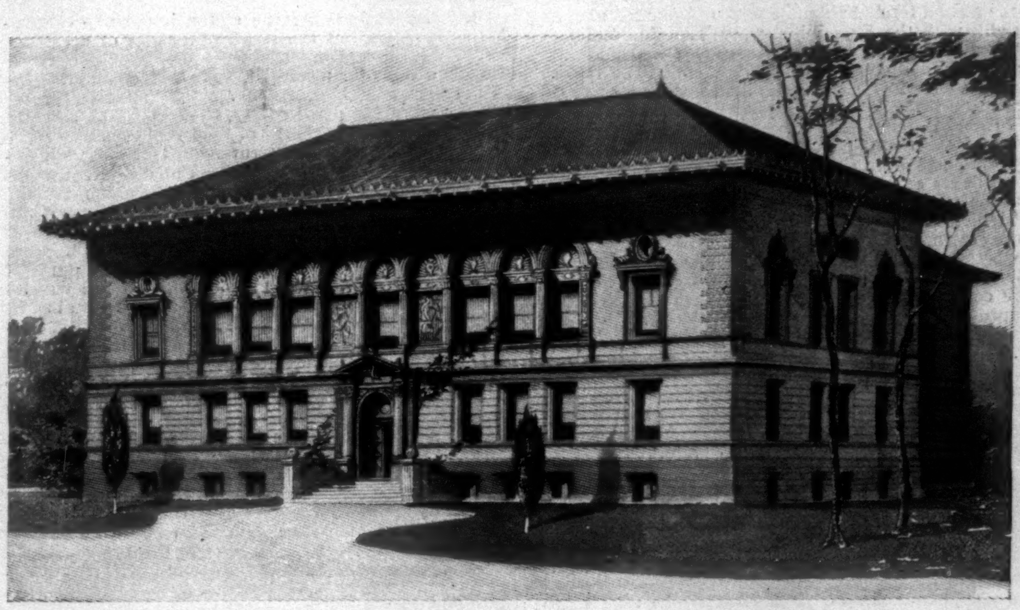
The new building for the College of Agriculture will be one of the largest and most complete (for the purpose) in the country. Its length is 263 feet, and its width varies from sixty-five to eighty feet. It has a high basement and two stories, with every modern equipment for the work of the college. The basement walls are of cut Bedford stone, the walls above are of gray pressed brick, the trimmings are of terra-cotta of the same color as the brick, and the roof is of cherry-red tile. In the dairy department the inner walls are of enamelled brick, and the floors of tile. The contract price for the building is about seventy thousand dollars, and the equipment will cost not less than twenty thousand dollars more.

The Armory and Gymnasium is a massive structure of rock-faced brick of a dull red color, with a high basement, and drill and gymnasium floor above, under a lofty roof carried by six steel arches. The light for the upper floor comes from the clere-story, as well as from the sides, while for evening work a dozen arc-lights have been provided. The floor is 80 by 150 feet in the clear, which gives ample opportunity for handling the university cadet battalion, as well as the large classes in physical training. Ten feet above the floor is a mezzanine story, at the front of which is the running-track, six feet wide, with about thirteen laps to the mile, back from which rise continuous tiers of seats for a thousand spectators. There are quarters for the cadet officers, lecture-rooms for instructors, a special suite of rooms for the University Athletic Association, and every facility for anthropological work of the most advanced kind. The cost of building and equipment will be about eighty thousand dollars. The basement has every modern appliance in the way of baths, pools, etc. There are also a café and a bicycle-room. All privileges of the gymnasium are shared by both sexes, for the university is most liberally co-educational.

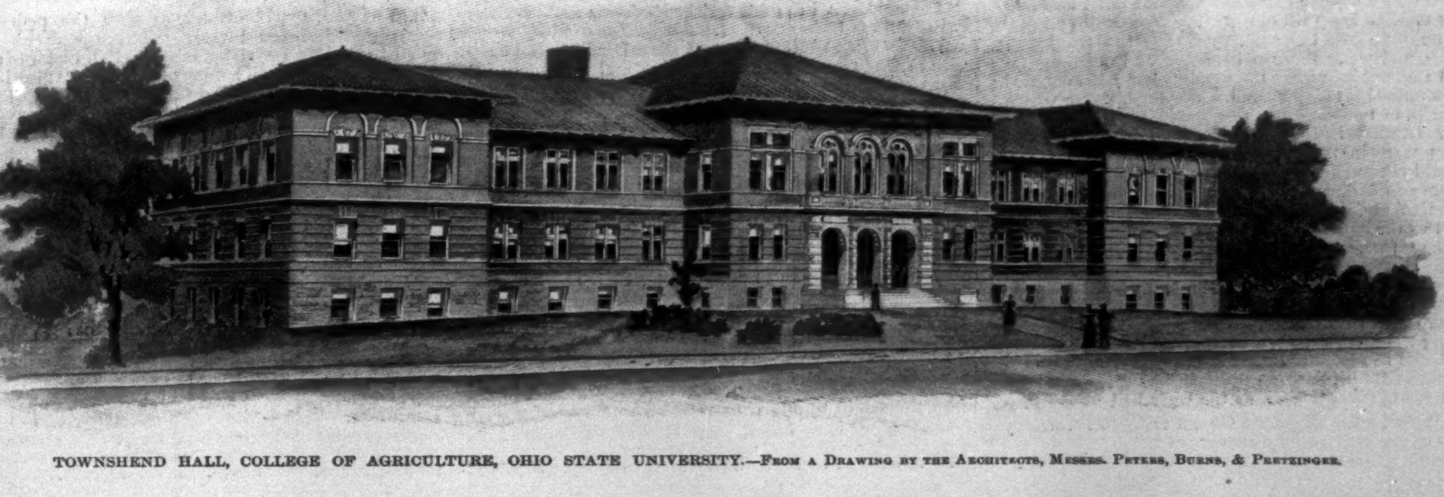
The Biological Building is one of the most attractive, architecturally, upon the campus. In the basement are furnaces, animal-rooms, and store-rooms. The first floor is given to entomology and zoology, with a large museum in the wing. The second floor has been assigned to anatomy and physiology, with the lecture-room and demonstrating-room in the wing. The building is of cream-colored brick trimmed with terra-cotta, is practically fire-proof, and will cost about thirty-five thousand dollars.

These three buildings, in common with the ten others on the campus, devoted to instruction only (the university has no dormitories), are heated with steam from a common centre, and are lighted with electricity furnished by the

MONUMENT TO PETER COOPER—AUGUSTUS ST.-GAUDENS, SCULPTOR.
Unveiled in New York, May 29.—[See Page 558.]



THE BIOLOGICAL BUILDING, OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.—FROM A DRAWING BY THE ARCHITECTS, MESSRS. YOST & PACKARD.



TOWNSHEND HALL, COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE, OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.—FROM A DRAWING BY THE ARCHITECTS, MESSRS. PETERS, BURNS, & PRETZINGER.

plant owned and operated by the university. In addition to the buildings shown in the illustrations, the university has just completed a new heating and power plant, at a cost of $50,000, and has spent $20,000 upon an auditorium in the wing of the Administration Building, which seats 1200 people, and is a perfect little gem in decoration and general attractive effects of color and outline. The university has discarded all preparatory work, and this year has just an even thousand students.

FOREIGN NOTES.

In an account of an interview with Señor Cánovas, Prime Minister of Spain, published in the Weekly of May 1, Mr. Poultney Bigelow says:

> The present minister to Spain, Mr. Hannis Taylor, came to his post without a knowledge either of Spanish or French. The Prime Minister could not but express his regret that so great a nation as the United States, with such vast political and commercial interests with Spain and Spanish-American countries, should send to represent those interests a gentleman with whom it was out of his power to converse intelligibly. Mr. Taylor's . . . . studies have not enabled him so far to converse with a Spaniard in any language but the vernacular of America.

Mr. Hannis Taylor, in a letter from Madrid to the Weekly, takes exception to Mr. Bigelow's statement. Observing that Mr. Bigelow requested him to obtain for him a personal interview with the Prime Minister, he says: "As I was at that moment invited to breakfast with the Prime Minister, I presented Mr. Bigelow's request to him in person and in Spanish, as all the guests except myself were Spaniards, and as the conversation, in which I took part for over two hours, was in that tongue. While I do not speak Spanish very fluently, I have for a long time spoken it, as all the world knows, well enough not only for social purposes, but also as the medium through which I carry on the public business with the Minister of State."

He goes on to say that he could not believe that Señor Cánovas had disparaged his linguistic abilities as reported by Mr. Bigelow, and that the Prime Minister, being interrogated about it, assured him that Mr. Bigelow was mistaken, and that he (Mr. Taylor) spoke Spanish sufficiently well to converse intelligibly with anybody.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

IV.—GOMEZ MEETS GENERAL QUINTIN BANDERAS AND THE ARMY FROM THE EAST.

On the afternoon of March 25 the Liberating Army, under the immediate command of Maximo Gomez, moved. The army moved often, but this was an uncommon move.

Our line of march was towards the west, and it was whispered that the old man was about to begin his invasion of Matanzas and Havana provinces, where his Havana friends have had him skipping about for several months past. Half a mile ahead of our column rode half a dozen scouts—called explorers, or *exploradores*. I rode with his staff, the members of which kept their places very much as the members of a hunting party might do.

Following us by twos came the escolta, and in our rear came the long, irregular, swaggering line of bony ponies, ragged riders, and sore-back mules with their clattering loads of camp furniture and naked drivers.

We moved on across a wide prairie clothed with a rich verdure in some places, tossing, waving, high grass in others, with here and there extensive patches marking the ravagings of recent fires. Lofty palms dotted the landscape. Scattered rails and pieces of zigzag fences showed where the divisions of pastures had been. A steel-blue river, silent, motionless, treeless, reflected the mellow light of a descending sun. All traces of human habitations had disappeared, save now and then a peculiar shelter about the size of a dog-kennel, improvised of sticks and grass by some insurgent scout.

A staff-officer riding by my side entertained me with an account of how he had been sent with four men to keep a Spanish column awake all night.

"You see," said he, holding up his carbine, for Gomez's officers carry guns in addition to their pistols and machetes, "we were given these old guns because they make just as much noise as good ones."

I looked at his old Remington. It had the appearance of having been buried in the jungle for a dozen years. He told how he and his men, under the cover of darkness, had crawled close up to the Spanish army's camp, and, lying down among the trees, fired shot after shot in the direction of the sleeping Spaniards. The soldiers at the first alarm fired back, and kept up a regular fusillade, answering each shot of the insurgents' with hundreds from their long Mausers. Owing to the long range of these rifles, however, their bullets would either lodge in the trees over the heads of the rebels or drop a mile or two beyond them.

It was fun, he said, to go over the camping-place, after the Spaniards had left the following day, and to examine the indications of fright left by the soldiers. They would find little heaps of stones, sometimes piled up like a coffin, within which the occupant had sought shelter and had probably tried to sleep till morning.

Then he told how the soldiers scrape the trunks of palm-trees, and write thereon insulting and defiant messages. In one place where the soldiers had been camped he had examined a tree smeared with blood, above which was written, in language not repeatable, that though the cowardly bandits had escaped them, their wives and daughters were in the towns and cities, where the soldiers would take vengeance upon them.

We came to a dense wood, through which we jogged along Indian file, owing to the narrowness of the path; then, just as the sun was dropping down behind the dark and gloomy forest, we came out of the woods upon a savanna. It was a long savanna, bordered on each side by heavy timber, and I recognized in the distance the field called Santa Teresa, where Crosby had met his death. It was here also that the wife of Gomez gave birth to a son during the last war. We were going to camp.

I suggested to Smith that we visit the grave of our dead countryman. Smith thought it would be necessary to get a special guide from Gomez, as the body had undoubtedly been buried secretly, as the Cuban soldiers invariably dig open every grave they discover.

Darkness was casting its gloom over the landscape when a group of horsemen was seen crossing the field, coming in our direction. It proved to be General Quintin Banderas with his escort. They carried a torn and stained flag, the first that I had seen outside the Spanish lines.

We had previously heard of General Quintin Banderas coming with his army from the east. Gomez had stated that he was coming with 1500 orientales, chiefly negroes, who are said to be the most suffering and valiant of all Cuba's fighting-men. General Quintin had gone to recruit them in the east; they were to form a column of infantry to march to the west, and now they had crossed the so-supposed barrier to insurgent progress, the Jucaro-Moron Trocha, and here was the black general coming to pay his commander-in-chief an evening visit.

I went down to see the meeting of the two generals. Gomez came out from under his canvas stretched between the trees, and met his subordinate general a few yards away. They shook hands pleasantly. Their meeting resembled that of two old chums who were glad to see each other, and they stood and talked, while the members of their staffs gathered about them. The dry humor of Gomez struck a contrast with the good-nature of the black man as he related some of his most recent adventures. I saw at once that he was a jolly old fellow, with a superabundance of politeness. I have been told by Cubans that he is densely ignorant.

After fully an hour's conversation with Gomez, he sought the camp of General Lacret, who had joined us two days previously. Lacret is a well-educated, refined, gentlemanly man, speaking English and French fluently. He formerly had command of the insurgent forces in Matanzas.

His reception of the black general was such as might be extended to Farmer Rubens by his well-to-do nephew in the city. It was thoroughly hospitable, but attended with a certain amount of "jollying" on the part of the white man. The cook stood by with a mug of steaming coffee, while Lacret forced the black warrior into his hammock and plied him with questions which excited the good-humor of all present. The blackness of a dark night had settled down upon us, pierced only by the illuminating rays of our fires, when I stumbled back to my camp and General Quintin Banderas rode off to his.

It was morning again. A messenger carried the word around camp that we were to prepare to meet the "orientales." The *impedimenta*, of course, would remain behind, for Gomez would review Quintin Banderas's army. Three slender poles were cut in the woods, and from a saddle-pack, where they had been carefully secreted, were unfolded three Cuban flags. The bugle sounded to mount, and we formed in the usual way, Gomez leading with his staff, followed by the escolta and the Victoria Regiment.

We rode across the savanna to where the ground rose perceptibly, and then our trumpeter blew upon his bugle. Back from over the ridge came a reply, and the notes of the two bugles mingled together as we approached the top of the ridge and saw before us a small body of horsemen and a ragged line of men on foot. It was the army from the East.

With banners flying we advanced to meet it. Gomez with his escort drew up facing that of General Banderas, and the escolta formed a double rank of mounted men on his right, with the Expeditionary, or Victoria, Regiment on the left. Then General Gomez, drawing his machete, rode forward and commanded "attention." The ragged line of men on foot gave a simultaneous jerk, carrying their arms a little more to the perpendicular. A ragged line I called it, for thus it appeared from a distance, but on closer inspection it proved to be a line of ragged men. They wore hats of all shapes and sizes, with frayed brims and no brims at all, while some were without crowns. Two men might often have been wearing the same hat, shared like St. Martin's cloak, divided in half, one wearing the crown, another wearing the brim. And yet they were better off for hats than they were for clothing. Their ebony skins shone with a healthy lustre, except where covered with such drapery as they had been able to improvise out of old rags and sugar-sacks. Notwithstanding their lack of uniform, they wore a contented look.

General Gomez addressed them. The bright blade of his machete gleamed above his head as he waved it to give emphasis to his words. His speech was in short sentences, pronounced in a loud and clear voice, but with a style which might be likened to that of a farmer's boy reciting poetry in a village school:

"You have made a bad pass!" he began, meaning that they had crossed the Jucaro-Moron Trocha. "You have turned your backs upon the east to face the west. You have already shown the cowardly Spaniards the valor of your arms, and now you go again to show them what it is to tyrannize over the humble and weak."

After expounding upon their fortitude, he referred to the reforms which Spain was offering as only a sham and a ruse. Then, indicating the direction with his machete, he cried out:

"There lies a man buried at Punta Brava! He was assassinated by the cowardly oppressors! You, you valiant orientales, are to march to the west and avenge the death of Antonio Maceo!

"I am old, but I am not finished! The mission of my closing days is before me. I have yet to see the tyrant's flag driven from this fair land. I am a Dominian, but the cause of Cuba is planted in my heart!" and then he called for a cheer for General Quintin Banderas and his brave orientales. A lusty "Viva!" went up from our side, which was responded to by the orientales cheering for Maximo Gomez and the Liberating Army.

Then Gomez's chief clerk rode forward and delivered an address marked by that easy flow of words characteristic of Spanish oratory, which seems to be a natural gift to the Latin races.

Other cheers followed, bugles sounded, flags floated to the breeze, and we marched back to camp, this time the infantry making up our rear, pitching their camp a short distance from our camp.

My ex-bandit *asistente* was waiting my return in order to procure a pass to go foraging. I applied to General Castillo, chief of staff, for the pass, and he, always polite and attentive to my wants, handed me an inch square of paper, with the caution that my *asistente* would leave the camp at his own risk. The Spaniards were moving in our direction, and had already been heard from at our camping-place of the day previous.

There seemed to be no hurry about getting away, and making further inquiry, I was informed that the Spanish column was moving slowly; that they couldn't reach our locality till the afternoon, and we had ample time for breakfast.

El Venado (the deer)—that was the bandit name of my *asistente*—nothing daunted, mounted his pony and set off in his search for provisions. Cooks were busily engaged in their preparations for breakfast, *asistentes* bringing water or blowing up their fires. I threw myself on the ground by the side of Smith's hammock as I inquired of him if he knew the exact number of men in Quintin Banderas's infantry. He said that he had undertaken to count them, and thought there must be pretty near three hundred. I offered to wager that there were only one hundred and fifty. Smith, without answering me, jumped out of his hammock and strode off towards the general's headquarters. I rolled over on the grass, absorbed in my own meditations, when suddenly I heard a murmur, and a black form jumping over me cried "Los Mashos!" I jumped up, saw Tito making a dive for his water-can, another snatching a hot pot off the fire, and Smith striding towards me working his jaws upon a mouthful of tobacco savagely. Simultaneously El Venado appeared at my elbow with the warning:

"They are coming from the other direction! They are in the highway, and I came very near running into the whole column!"

So we were between two columns, and it seemed that there was nothing to do but to fight one of them. The hasty scramble for pots, frying-pans, and so forth, continued. Horses were bridled, mules packed, and in a very few moments we were all mounted and moving in the direction of the highway. As I fell in with General Lacret, who was immediately behind Gomez, the apothecary said to me, "I guess the old man's goin' to fight."

But it wasn't my luck to see any fighting that day. About half-way across the savanna, skirting the woods, the "old man" pointed to an obscure path. A guide galloped forward, plunged into the forest, and a few moments later the Liberating Army, combined with the orientales, were jogging on after him.

I have not yet heard if the two Spanish columns operating in combination that day met upon our camping-ground and gave battle to each other, as they had done a year previously near Esperanza.

Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr.

THE PETER COOPER STATUE.

It is not very creditable to New York that, up to last Saturday, there should have been within its limits no visible memorial to Peter Cooper except that which he himself builded. To be sure, the Cooper Institute is the best possible monument. Its author did not "adjourn his benefactions till death," but providently built and equipped and himself set in operation the institution which bears his name, and had the rare happiness of seeing it fulfilling its beneficial function for the lifetime of a generation. For he had passed his ninetieth year when he died in 1883.

The delay in building the statue is not so discreditable as it seems, but the result of a series of accidents. For it was in 1883 that a committee was formed to provide a suitable memorial, and this committee has been at work ever since. Its surviving members, ex-Mayor Edson, Judge Charles P. Daly, General Viele, and Mr. Leopold Eidlitz, took charge of the simple ceremonies attending the unveiling last Saturday. This had been preceded by a reception in the Cooper Union itself, at which Mrs. Abram L. Hewitt, the daughter of the philanthropist, presided. By an odd coincidence both Mr. Cooper's son-in-law and his son have been chosen to the Mayoralty of the city which his benefactions did so much to improve and adorn. What is more to the immediate purpose, they have, since his death, given additional endowments to the institution which he founded, so as to enable its usefulness to keep pace with the growth of the city, their gifts including improvements and enlargements of the building which have amounted to a reconstruction.

The original scheme of the movement was for a statue to be attached to the north front of the Cooper Institute. But this was abandoned, and without doubt wisely, in favor of a site in the little triangular garden south of the Institute, now officially known as "Cooper Square." The monument was erected by popular subscription. Very many of the subscribers had a peculiar pleasure in adding their mites, for the reason that they were beneficiaries of the institution which the monument confronts, and they had an opportunity to acknowledge the benefit it had bestowed upon them. Indeed, the usefulness of the Cooper Institute in its various departments of reading-room, lectures, and schools has been beyond all computation. The list of its pupils, if that could be had, would disclose many names that have become conspicuous of those who were put by the munificence of Peter Cooper in the way of learning the arts by which they have gained distinction. But the gratitude is not less fervent of the undistinguished multitude who by the same benefaction have been assisted to lead happy and useful lives.

The statue, by St.-Gaudens, with the pedestal and accessories designed by Mr. White, the architect, is a worthy and impressive commemoration of an exemplary life. It may serve to show some of the "multi-millionaires" who have succeeded the owners of modest fortunes of Peter Cooper's day how to diminish the envy of their riches. For assuredly no human being can ever have envied Peter Cooper the prosperity which he made haste to share with his fellow-citizens.

The simple ceremonies arranged for the unveiling on Saturday, May 29, consisted of a meeting in the great hall of the Cooper Union, presided over by the Mayor. The exercises here were an overture, an invocation by the rector of Trinity, a commemorative address by Mr. Parsons, and an address on behalf of the alumni of Cooper Union by Mr. Kaltenbach, of the class of 1881. After this was arranged a procession to the monument, the unveiling of the statue by Mr. Cooper's grandchildren, the presentation to the city by ex-Mayor Edson, and the acceptance by Mayor Strong. This was preceded and followed by music by the Choral Union, under Mr. Frank Damrosch. It is a touching illustration of the grateful remembrance of Peter Cooper that still abides in New York that the instrumental as well as the vocal music of the occasion should have been volunteered.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

An unfortunate writer, who touched in a recent magazine article upon the question how far the no-license system which prevails in Cambridge was advantageous to Harvard College, has incurred the impassioned censure of a writer in the *Independent*, who finds in his brief deliverance designs and dispositions which must overwhelm him with astonishment. He said no more than this, that it is a nice question "whether the waste of time and energy that would result in having beer and other potable fluids procurable in Cambridge is a more serious evil than the waste of time and money and the dearth of certain social opportunities which are incident to the practice of keeping all the Cambridge beer in Boston." The *Independent's* critic says:

> The man's words sound trivial as you read them, but they are not trivial; they are quivering with the issues of life and death.... who would dream that a supposably thoughtful and cultivated man would dare to imply in print that there is not beer enough, ready to hand, for our college students. Has he heard the nightly—not occasional, but nightly—screams of boys frenzied with drink which make the streets of New Haven and Cambridge and other college towns ring? Dear friends, when a writer of standing virtually affirms in a reputable magazine that our college boys have not beer enough ready to hand, we had better wake up.

Certainly the *Independent's* contributor has waked up, but has she waked up to the right situation? In so far as the Harvard beer question is a question of beer or no beer, there is much though not everything to be said in favor of no beer. In so far as it is a question of beer in Cambridge or beer in Boston, there is much though not everything to be said in favor of beer in Cambridge.

Those nightly screams of Harvard lads crazed with drink, which the *Independent's* contributor speaks of, would seem to indicate that the dearth of intoxicants in Cambridge has produced only an imperfect result. Where did those frenzied lads get all that drink? Can it be that they went to Boston for it? There is abundance of drink in Boston, and of other things that are even more deleterious. If any young Harvard lad is foolish and easily tempted, by all means keep him out of Boston, especially at night. Cambridge, beer or no beer, is far more wholesome for him than Boston. If by prohibiting beer in Cambridge you help to drive him into Boston, then indeed you chase him out of the frying-pan into the fire. Very likely no-license in Cambridge is a good thing, even for Harvard University; but being a human device, it probably is not a perfect thing, and to weigh its benefits and drawbacks against one another is not immoral, and really does not call for much daring.

The truth seems to be, though, that the interests of Harvard College have not determined the choice of Cambridge in the license matter. There are 85,000 people in that city, and less than 2000 of them are Harvard undergraduates. No-license has won because a majority of the voters have wanted it, and they seem to have wanted it not because it was especially desirable on account of the college lads, but because they believe it to be profitable to the general interests of the city. They have had it now for ten years, and they like it, and are likely to hold on to it.

Admiral Brown, who is soon to be retired from the navy, seems not to appreciate the advantages of Washington as a residence for retired officers. He is quoted as saying that his home is in Indianapolis, and that as soon as he is retired he will go there and live. He says that there he will be the only admiral, whereas there are forty in Washington, who have nothing to do but to act as pall-bearers at funerals. At Indianapolis, when a man goes into the club and asks for the admiral, they will know that he means Brown; but Admiral Brown does not expect to spend all his time at the club, for one of the allurements that Indianapolis has for him is the prospect of work there.

The Hoosier capital is a town of character and reputation. It thinks well of itself and it is well thought of. Its newspapers are quoted. It has a resident ex-President, a resident poet of note, and a soldiers and sailors' monument that is famous. There must be plenty of edifying and important talk there. Mr. John C. New, a man of large experience at home and abroad, lives there; General Lew. Wallace lives not far away, and is probably available to some extent for social purposes. The present centre of population of the United States is not far from Indianapolis. The town, somehow, seems unusually successful in retaining its best citizens. They seem to like it, and when they have opportunities to settle in bigger places they are prone to neglect them. According to the antiquated tables of the census of 1890, Indianapolis has 105,436 inhabitants, and stands twenty-seventh on the list of American cities. No doubt it is much bigger now, and possibly it is higher in relative rank; but, however that may be, it has characteristics and an individuality that a good many larger towns have reason to envy.

If it is true that Ambassador Hay stamps "American Embassy" on his ambassadorial paper he has stretched his tether a little, and critics who criticise him have accuracy on their side. Of course he is not, exactly speaking, the American ambassador, but the ambassador of the United States. It is surprising, however, how in common use and by general consent the people of the United States have come into the enjoyment of a monopoly of the word "American." Of course the Canadians and Mexicans and South Americans are as much Americans as the citizens of this republic, but by usage in Europe "an American" means a citizen of the United States. Mr. Hay is universally known in London as "the American ambassador," but it is too soon yet for him to make official use of that title.

His address at the unveiling of the bust of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey was a good, unpretentious, interesting speech. He told how he had heard from his father, a Kentucky pioneer, that, in the early days of the century, men would saddle their horses and ride from all the neighboring counties to the principal post-town of that region when a new novel by the author of "Waverley" was expected. Through the important formative days of the republic, he said, Scott was the favorite author of the Americans.

Cambridge University (England) has refused, with a good deal of enthusiasm, to give its degree to the Girton College girls. The undergraduates were opposed to the innovation, and celebrated its defeat with much unmannerly noise. Somehow the Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates have extraordinary opportunities for making public exhibitions of unterrified manners, and improve them with extraordinary zeal. It appears that the right to vote on such a question as the granting of degrees to women is not enjoyed by all Cambridge graduates, but only by those who, by payment of an annual fee, or because they have taken some of the higher degrees, keep their names on the college books. Most of the voters are fellows of the colleges, clergymen, or schoolmasters, so that the decision against the girls represents the opinions of an exceptionally conservative body of Englishmen. The advocates of equal educational privileges for women are sure that in due course of time the Girton and Newnham girls will get Cambridge and Oxford degrees. Perhaps so. Certainly that is the proper opinion for them to hold as long as they continue the fight.

In limiting the competition for the new public library in New York to architects having fixed places of business within the limits of Greater New York, the trustees have set an example of discrimination in favor of local architects which the architects thus favored would seem to have some reason to regret. If all other cities did the same thing (as some of them do), and secured their more considerable works to their local men, the New York architects would lose a good deal of work which at present they get. When the city of Boston had a library to build, a New York firm built it, but no Boston architect, it seems, is to have an opportunity to try to return that favor.

The gentlemen who are to compete for the glory and profit of building the great library would seem to have their work cut out for them. Their preliminary sketches must be ready by July 15. The perfected designs of the six competitors whose sketches are then preferred must be completed on November 1. This means a laborious summer to a number of gentlemen, with no assurance of a longer vacation than the fortnight following July 15, during which the committee of three architects, three trustees, and Director Billings will be making up their minds which of the preliminary sketches they like best.

As the result of long-continued and very successful observations in Arizona and Mexico, Mr. Percival Lowell concludes (as quoted in the New York *Herald*) that the canals of the planet Mars show such "a marvellous system as cannot well be due to any natural forces, and finds its best explanation in the presence of local intelligence on the planet, which has purposely created a system of irrigation for the perpetuation of its own existence." Mr. Lowell thinks there is little or no water in lakes or seas on Mars, and that the planet's water-supply comes from the snow and ice at its poles, which melt rapidly in summer. The canals he believes to have been constructed to care for and to distribute this annual flood from the fast-melting ice-caps of the polar regions.

Such astronomy as this that Mr. Lowell has been busy with must be of great use to keep the imagination in a healthy state. It involves a real change of thought to get one's mind off the earth entirely and to busy it with Martian investigations. It will be interesting to learn what the observers who peep through the great Yerkes telescope, for which lenses of unprecedented size have been very recently completed, will have to say about the Martian canals.

That worthy British contemporary the *Manchester Guardian* jokes the Grolier Club of New York for having borrowed the good Grolier's name but not his principles. It seems that he used to stamp on the bindings of most of his books the words "Jo. Grolierii et Amicorum," the book "of J. Grolier and his friends." But the *Guardian* learns that the high prices brought by Grolier Club books are due to the excessive reluctance of their owners to part with them—a reluctance stimulated by club etiquette, which prescribes that members shall retain their copies of the club's publications in their own libraries.

The effort to preserve as a public park a part of the Elmwood property in Cambridge, where James Russell Lowell lived, has been renewed this year under favorable conditions. The tract which it is proposed to buy contains about three acres of land adjoining the homestead lot. Its price is $35,000, of which the Metropolitan Park Commission has agreed to pay one-third. Of the remainder, $5000 has been raised by private subscription, leaving about $18,000 still to be collected. Contributions may be sent to the treasurer of the fund, Mr. W. A. Bullard, of the First National Bank, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

It would seem that many physicians in New York are suffering from an insufficiency of income. The ailment is distressing; and inasmuch as for several years past it has been so prevalent among all classes of the community as to amount to an epidemic, it is proper enough that the physicians, whose special work it is to cure distressing ailments, should try to do something for their own relief. They are pretty well agreed as to the existence of the ailment, but not as to its cause. Some of them maintain that it is a result of hard times, which have caused people to restrict their expenditures for doctoring. Others assert that it is due to the multiplication in New York of dispensaries, where sick people may obtain medical treatment at very small cost, or for nothing. They do not object to having poor people who cannot afford to pay for medical advice get it free from the dispensaries, but they do object strenuously to having the dispensaries treat persons who can afford to pay. There has been such strong feeling about this matter among the physicians that committees, appointed by New York medical societies of standing, caused a bill to be drawn prohibiting the establishment of dispensaries not incorporated or connected with a corporation; prohibiting dispensaries in drug-stores or tenement-houses; making it a misdemeanor to procure treatment at dispensaries by false representations; and putting all the dispensaries under the control of the State Board of Charities, which the law empowered to make rules for them, and to revoke their charters for disobedience of the rules made. This bill passed the Legislature; but some of the hospitals and dispensaries affected by it objected to having their charters become subject to the State Board of Charities, and the Governor allowed the bill to die without his signature. On the night of its death it was vehemently discussed at the meeting of the Medical Society of the County of New York, when Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa gave his reasons for disapproving it. Since then it has been discussed further in the newspapers, and it makes a very pretty field for diversities of opinion.

Of course the sympathies of the public in such a matter will be divided. The public wants the sick to be healed at the least possible expense to the sick. Nevertheless, even the public can understand that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that persons who can afford to pay for medical services ought to do it, and ought not to enjoy the benefit of such services unless they do pay. It is a doctors' fight, and the doctors may be trusted to fight it out. Whatever the members of the medical profession are able to agree upon they are pretty sure to obtain. We trust them so implicitly that it would really seem as if our only safeguard against medical despotism was the perpetual liability of doctors to disagree.

Allusion was made some time ago in this department of the Weekly to statements made in the periodical called *Dixie*, published in Atlanta, about the colleges established in the South for the education of negroes. *Dixie* thinks that the educational opportunities which Northern philanthropists have provided for Southern negroes are not such as are most profitable to them. It does not find that the college-bred negroes are the most prosperous, and it believes that if the colleges now maintained for negroes in the South were devoted to manual training, the benefit to the colored race in the South would be much greater. *Dixie* says that there are now as many as 30,000 graduates of the negro colleges, but that the more prosperous negroes of the South are not of their number.

Mr. T. Thomas Fortune does not at all agree with *Dixie's* conclusions. He says (in the *Sun*) that there are no high-schools for negroes in the South, and that it is only in the schools and colleges maintained by Northern money that they can get higher education. He declares that the idea that the 30,000 graduates of the negro colleges have not prospered is preposterous. Twenty thousand of them, he says, are school-teachers; 1500 are employed in the higher schools; 5000 are preachers; 2000 are lawyers or doctors. He declares that every one of the hundred schools for higher education of negroes in the South has justified its cost, and is as much needed to-day as it was twenty years ago.

It would seem that *Dixie* and Mr. Fortune are not quite agreed in their statement of facts, but the chief disagreement between them is in their conception of a prosperous negro. *Dixie's* idea seems to be that a negro is prosperous when he is making and saving money; Mr. Fortune's notion is that a negro is prosperous when he is preaching or teaching school. *Dixie's* sentiment is that the negro would better get money first and learning afterwards; but Mr. Fortune clearly dissents from that view, and does it forcibly, and with a good showing of argument on his side.

Senator Joseph H. Earle, who died on May 20, at his home in Greenville, South Carolina, had only been a member of the Senate since March 4, and his death is on many accounts peculiarly untimely. He was fifty years old, and a lawyer of ability. The circumstances of his election were unusual. In 1890 he ran for Governor against Tillman, and was defeated. In 1892 he refused to enter the fight against Tillman, and being regarded as a recruit for the Tillman faction, was elected judge in the Eighth South Carolina District. His course as judge, however, displeased the Tillmanites, and suddenly made him an available candidate for Senator. Senators in South Carolina are nominated by popular vote in a primary election, and Judge Earle beat Governor Evans, the Tillman candidate, by 10,000 votes for the nomination, and was elected.

Senator Earle favored free silver, but was conservative in his views; and now that his death leaves his seat vacant, the Tillman element will make another fight, of which the issue is doubtful.

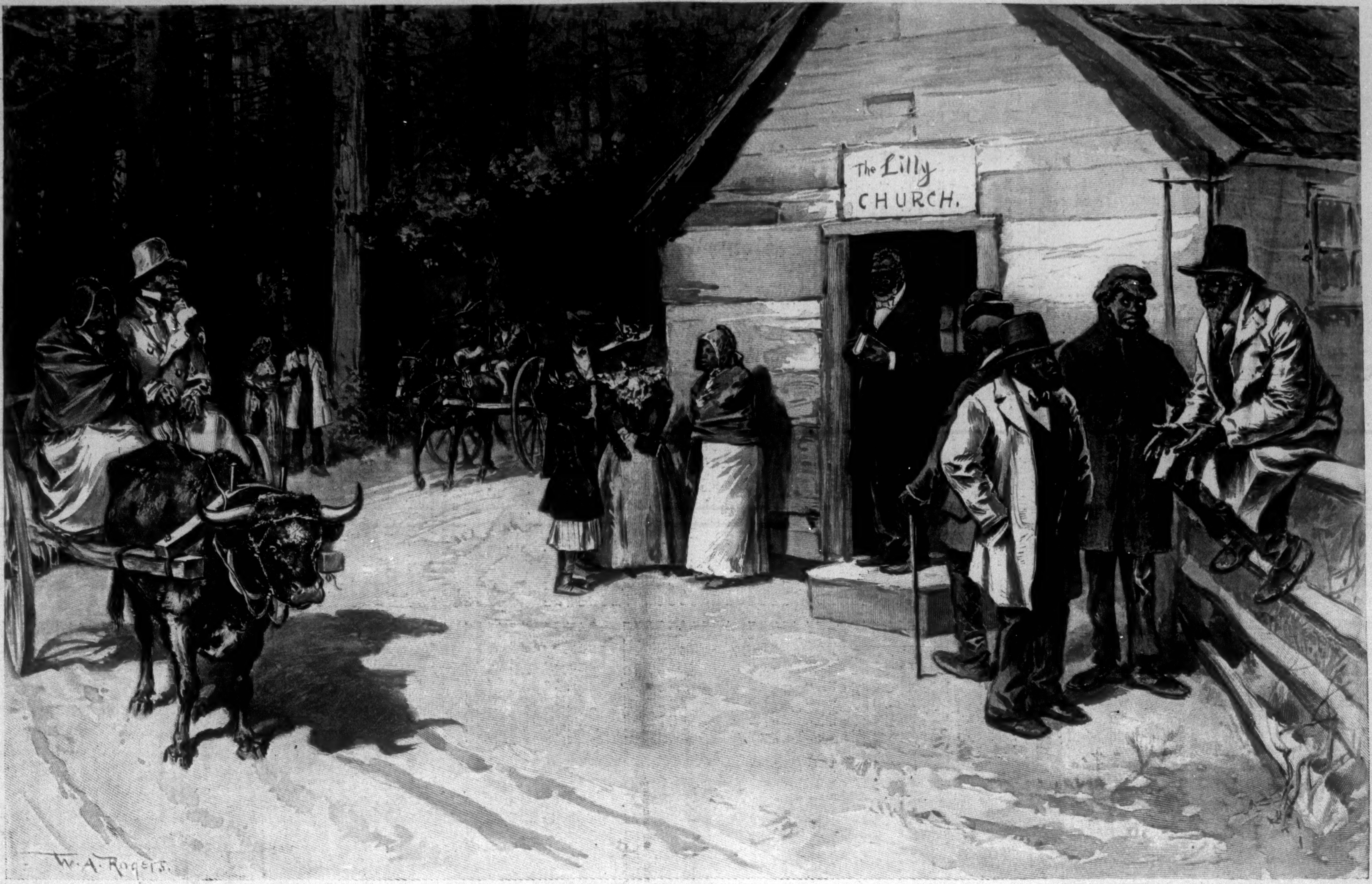
Judge Earle was born in Greenville in 1847, served in the Confederate army, went to college in Greenville after the war, taught school for a time, and then practised law. He was elected to the State Legislature, and was a delegate to the Democratic conventions of 1880 and 1884. When the overturn came in the local politics of his State, he took the popular side, and was elected Attorney-General in 1886 and 1888; he was never, however, fully in accord with Tillman, and in 1890, as recorded above, he ran against him for Governor.

Within ten days the citizens of New York have had a chance to observe and admire the men who protect them from fire, the men who keep their streets clean, and the members of their police force. The parade and review of the firemen on May 26 was preceded by the presentation of medals at the Plaza on Union Square. Mayor Strong presented the Bennett medal to Fireman Martin M. Coleman for heroism in saving life at a fire on February 22, 1896; the Stephenson medal to Captain Charles H. Perley, of Engine Company No. 6, as the most deserving among the company commanders during the year 1896; a medal, given by the Mayor himself, to Lieutenant Thomas Larkin for heroism in saving life at a fire on February 3, 1896; and another from the same donor to Fireman Charles Sheridan for heroism in saving life at a fire on February 15, 1896.

The second annual parade of the popular and efficient Street-Cleaning Department followed on Thursday, the 26th, the reviewing-stand being at the Worth Monument in Madison Square.

The day of annual parade and review of the police force (still, at this writing, in prospect) was June 1. It is a fine sight to see so many policemen together, and a highly interesting sight also to see the four New York Police Commissioners stand for a time on a small platform without any resulting disturbance.

E. S. Martin.


The Lilly
CHURCH.
W. A. Rogers.

SUNDAY MORNING IN THE VIRGINIA PINES.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 571.]

JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE next week Colonel Lamson went to Boston, and took his friend John Jennings with him. Whether the trip was purely a business one, or was to be regarded in the light of a celebration of the Colonel's good fortune, never transpired.

Upham people exchanged wishes to the effect that John Jennings and Colonel Lamson might not take in their old age to sowing again the wild-oats of their youth. "John Jennings drank himself 'most into his grave, an' as for Colonel Lamson, it's easy enough to see that he's always had his dram when he felt like it; if they get home sober an' alive with all that money they're lucky," people said. It was the general impression in Upham that the Colonel had gone to Boston with his sixty-five thousand dollars in his pocket. Lawyer Means's ancient relative, who served as housekeeper, was reported to have confessed that she was on tenter-hooks about it.

However, in a week the Colonel and his friend returned, and the most anxious could find nothing in their appearance to justify their gloomy fears. They had never looked so spick and span and prosperous within the memory of Upham, for both of them were clad in glossiest new broadcloth of city cut, and both wore silk bell hats, which gave them the air of London dandies. Jennings, moreover, displayed in his fine shirt front a new diamond pin, and the Colonel stepped out with stately flourishes of a magnificent gold-headed cane.

Soon it was told on good authority that the lawyer's housekeeper and John Jennings's also had presents from the Colonel of rich black satin gowns, that the lawyer had a gold-headed cane, which he was, indeed, seen to carry, holding it stiff and straight like a roll of parchment, with never a flourish; and the Squire a gun mounted in silver, and such a fishing-rod as had never been seen in the village. When Lucina Merritt came to meeting the Sunday after the Colonel's return, there glistened in her little ears, between her curls, some diamond ear-drops, and Abigail wore a shawl which had never been seen in Upham before.

Lawyer Means's female relative and Jennings's housekeeper said emphatically that they did not believe that either of them drank a drop of anything stronger than water all the time they were gone.

The Colonel was radiant with satisfaction; he went about with his face beaming as unreservedly as a child's who has gotten a treasure. He often confided to Means his perfect delight in his new wealth. "Hang it all, Means!" he would say; "I wouldn't find a word of fault, not a word, I'd strut like a peacock, if that poor little girl I married was only alive, and I could buy her a damned thing out of it; then there's something else, Means—" the Colonel's face would take on an expression of mingled seriousness and humor—"Means," he would conclude, in a hoarse, facetious whisper, "I bought those stocks when I was first married; thought I'd got to pitch in and provide for my family, and in order to save enough money to get them I ran in debt for a new uniform and some cavalry boots and a pony, and damned if I know if I ever paid for them."

Jerome, going to the mill one day shortly afterward, reached the Means house as the Colonel was coming down the hill.

"Stop a moment," the Colonel called, and Jerome waited until he reached him. "Fine day," said the Colonel.

"Yes, sir, 'tis," replied Jerome; then he added, "I was glad to hear of your good fortune, sir."

"Suppose," said the Colonel, abruptly, "that twenty-five thousand of it had come to you, what would you have done with it?"

Jerome looked at him in a bewildered fashion. "It wasn't mine, and there's no use talking about it," he said.

"What would you do with it? Out with it! Would you stick to that bargain you made in Robinson's that evening?"

Jerome hesitated.

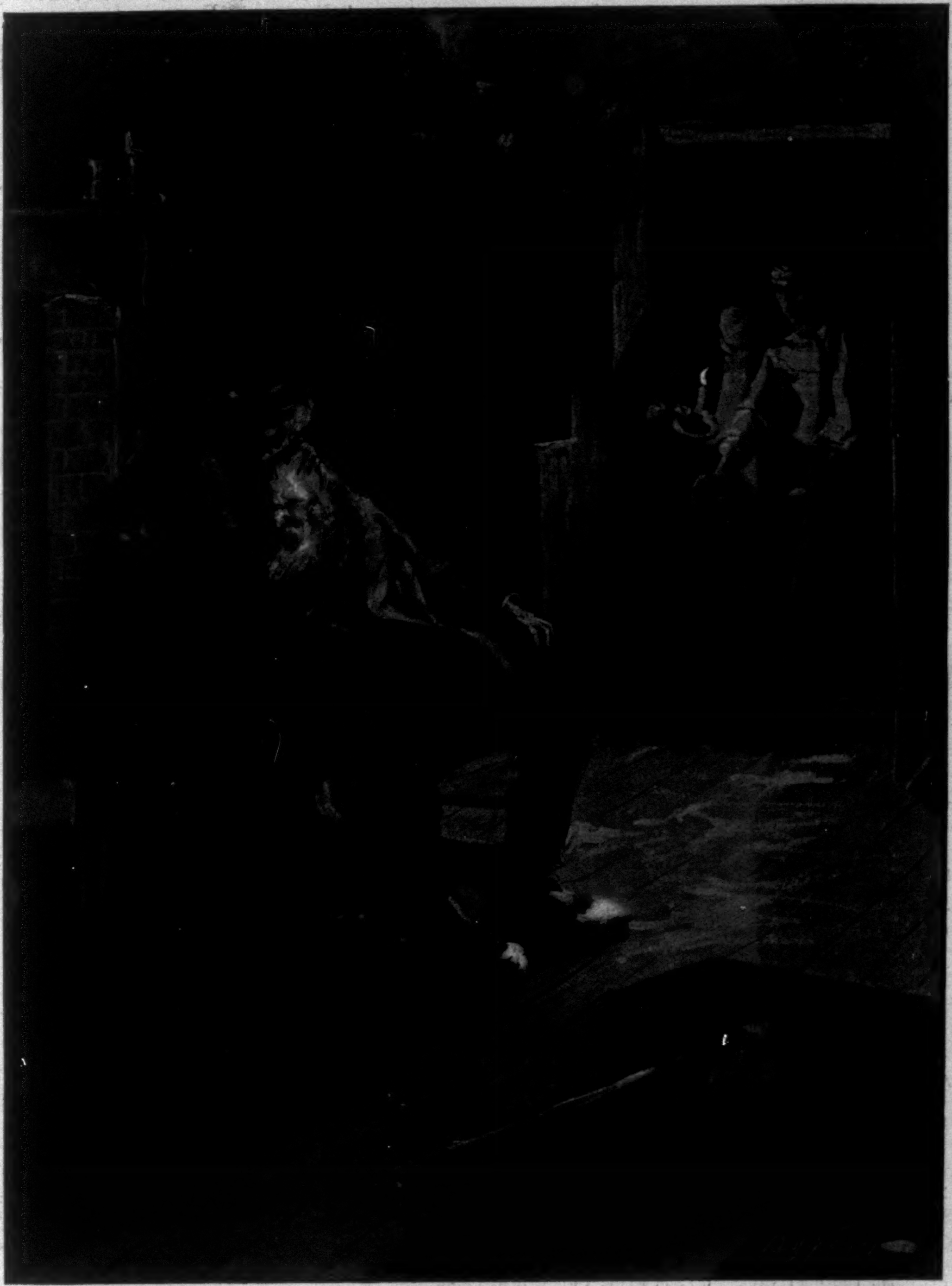
"You needn't be afraid to speak," urged the Colonel. "If you'd stick to it, say so. I sha'n't call it any reflection upon me; I haven't the slightest intention of giving twenty-five thousand dollars to the poor; and if you've changed your mind, say so."

"I haven't changed my mind, and I would stick to it," Jerome replied then.

"And," said the Colonel, "you are sticking to that other resolution of yours to work until you win a certain fair lady, are you?"

Jerome colored high. He was inclined to be indignant, but there was a strange earnestness in the Colonel's manner.

"I'm not the sort of fellow not to stick to a resolution of that kind when I've once made it," he replied, shortly.



"THERE STOOD HIS MOTHER OVER AN OLD MAN SEATED IN HER ROCKING-CHAIR."

The Colonel chuckled. "Well, I didn't think you were," he returned—"didn't think you were, Jerome. That's all. Good-day." With that, to Jerome's utter astonishment, Colonel Lamson trudged laboriously up the hill to the Means house again.

"He must have come down just to ask me those questions," thought Jerome, and thought with more bewilderment still that the Colonel must even have been watching for him. He had no conception of his meaning, but he laughed to himself at the bare fancy of twenty-five thousand dollars coming to him, and also at the suggestion that he would not be true to his resolution to win Lucina. Jerome was beginning to feel as if she were already won. The next spring, if he continued to prosper, he had decided to speak to her, and as the months went on nothing happened to discourage him.

The next winter the snows were uncommonly heavy. They began before Thanksgiving and came in thick storms. There were great drifts in all the door-yards; the stone walls and fences were hidden; the trees stood in blue swirling hollows of snow. Now and then a shed roof broke under the frozen weight; one walked through the village street as through clear-cut furrows of snow; all the shadows were blue; there was a dazzle of glacier light over the whole village when the sun arose. However, it was a fine winter for Jerome as far as his work was concerned. Wood is drawn easily on sleds, and the snow air nerves one for sharp labors. Jerome calculated that by May he should be not only doing a prosperous business, but should have a snug little sum clear. Then he would delay no longer.

On the nineteenth day of March came the last storm, and the worst of the season. Martin Cheeseman went home early. Jerome did not stay in the mill long after he left. The darkness was settling down fast, and he could do little by himself.

Moreover, an intense eagerness to be at home seized him. He began to imagine that something had happened to his mother or Elmira, and imagination of evil was so foreign to him that it had almost the force of conviction.

He fell also to thinking of his father, inconsequently as it seemed, yet it was not so, for the imagined disasters lead back by retrograde of sequence to memories of real ones.

He lived over again his frenzied search for his father, his discovery of the hat on the shore of the deep pond. "Poor father!" he muttered.

All the way home this living anxiety for his mother and sister, and dead sorrow, haunted him. He thought as he struggled through the snow, his face bent before the drive of the sleet as before a flail of ice, how often in all weathers his father had traversed this same road, how his own feet could scarcely step out of his old tracks. He thought how many a night, through such a storm as this, his father had toiled wearily home and with no such fire of youth and hope in his heart to cheer him on. "Father must have given up a long time before he died," he said to himself.

The imagination of his father plodding homeward in his old harness of hopeless toil grew so strong that his own identity paled. He seemed to lose all ambition and zeal, a kind of heredity of discouragement overspread him. "I don't know but I'll have to give up finally, the way he did," he muttered, panting under the buffeting of the snow wind.

He met no one on his way home. Once a loaded wood-sled came up behind him with a faint creak and jingle of harness, then the straining flanks of the horse, the cubic pile of wood shaded out of substance by the snow, the humped back of the driver on the top, passed out of sight as behind a slanting white curtain.

The village houses receded through the shifting distances of pale gloom; one could scarcely distinguish the solid white slants of their roofs; the lamplights which shone out newly in some of the windows made rosy nimbuses.

When Jerome drew near his own home he looked eagerly and saw with relief that the white thickness of the storm was suffused with light opposite the kitchen windows. "Everything all right?" he asked when he entered, stamping and shaking himself.

Elmira was toasting bread, and she turned her flushed face wonderingly. "Yes; why shouldn't it be?" she said.

"No reason why. It's an awful storm."

Ann was knitting fast, sitting over against a window thick with clinging shreds of snow; her face was in the shadow, but she looked as if she had been crying. She did not speak when Jerome entered.

"What ails mother?" he whispered to Elmira, following her into the pantry when he had a chance.

"She's been telling a dream she had last night about father, and it made her feel bad. Hush!"

When they were all seated at the supper table, Ann, of her own accord, began to talk again of her dream. "I've been tellin' your sister about a dream I had last night," said she, with a curious tearful defiance, "an' I'm goin' to tell you. It won't hurt you any to have your poor father brought to mind once in a while."

"Of course you can tell it, mother, though I don't need that to bring father to mind. I was thinking about him all the way home," Jerome answered.

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

"Well, I guess you don't often think about him all the way home. I guess you and your sister both don't think about your poor father, that worked and slaved for you, enough to hurt you. I had a dream last night that I 'ain't been able to get out of my mind all day. I dreamt that I was in this room, an' it was stormin' jest as it is now. I could hear the wind whistlin' an' howlin', an' the windows were all thick with snow. I dreamt I had a little baby in my arms that was sick. It was cryin' an' moanin', an' I was walkin' up an' down, up an' down, tryin' to quiet it. I didn't have my rheumatism; could walk as well as anybody. All of a sudden, as I was walkin', I smelt flowers, an' there on the hearth-stone was a rose-bush all in bloom. I went up an' picked a rose, an' shook it in the baby's face to please it, an' then I heard a strange noise that drowned out the wind in the chimney an' the baby's cryin'. It sounded like cattle bellowing, dreadful loud and mournful. I laid the baby down in the rockin'-chair, an' first thing I knew it wasn't there. Instead of it there was a most beautiful bird like a dove, as white as snow. It flew round my head once, and then it was gone. I thought it went up chimney.

"The cattle bellowing sounded nearer, an' I could hear them trampin'. I run to the front door, an' there they were comin' down the road, hundreds of 'em, horns a-tossin' an' tails a-lashin', flingin' up the snow like water. I clapped to the front door an' bolted it, an' run into the parlor, an' looked out of the window, an' there on the other side, as plain as I ever see it in my life, was your father's face—there was my husband's face.

"He didn't look a day older than when he left, an' his eyes an' his mouth were smilin' as I hadn't seen 'em since he was a young man.

"'Oh, Abel!' says I—'oh, Abel!' an' then the face wa'n't there, an' I heard a noise behind me, an' looked around.

"I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw that parlor. All the chairs an' the sofa were covered with my weddin' dress that was made over for Elmira. The window-curtains were made of it, an' the table-spread. Thinks I, 'How was there enough of that silk when we had hard work to get Elmira's dress out?'

"Then I saw, in the middle of the room, a great long thing all covered over with the silk, an' I thought it was a coffin. I went up to it, an' there was Abel's hat on it, the one he wore when he went away. I took the hat off, an' the weddin' silk, an' there was a coffin.

"I thought it was Abel's. I raised the lid an' looked. The coffin was full of beautiful clear water, an' I could see through it the bottom all covered with bright gold dollars. I leant over it, an' there was my own face in the water, jest as plain as in a lookin'-glass, an' there was Abel's beside it. Then I turned around quick, an' there was Abel, there was my husband, standin' there alive an' well. Then I woke up."

Ann ended with a hysterical sob. Jerome and Elmira exchanged terrified glances.

"That was a beautiful dream, mother," Jerome said, soothingly. "Now try to eat your supper."

"It's been so real all day. I feel as if—your father had come an' gone again," Ann sobbed.

"Try and eat some of this milk toast, mother; it's real nice," urged Elmira.

But Ann could eat no supper. She seemed completely unstrung, for some mysterious reason. They persuaded her to go to bed early, but she was not asleep when they went up stairs about ten o'clock, for she called out sharply to know if it was still snowing.

"No, mother," Jerome answered; "I have just looked out, and there are some stars overhead. I guess the storm is over."

"Oh, Jerome, you don't suppose mother is going to be sick, do you?" Elmira whispered, when they were on the stairs.

"No, I guess she's only nervous about her dream. The storm may have something to do with it, too."

"Oh, Jerome, I feel exactly as if something was going to happen!"

"Nonsense!" said Jerome, laughing. "You are nervous yourself. I'll give you and mother some valerian, both of you."

"Jerome, I am *sure* something is going to happen."

"It would be strange if something didn't. Something is happening all over the earth with every breath we draw."

"Jerome, I mean to *us*."

Jerome gave his sister a little push into her room. "Go to bed and to sleep," said he; "and leave your door open if you're scared, and I'll leave mine."

Jerome himself could not get to sleep soon; once or twice Elmira spoke to him, and he called back reassuringly, but his own nerves were at a severe tension. "What has got into us all?" he thought, impatiently. It was midnight before he lost himself, and he had slept hardly an hour when he wakened with a great start.

A wild clamor which made his blood run cold came from below. He leaped out of bed and pulled on his trousers, hearing all the while, as in a dream, his mother's voice shrilling higher and higher. "Oh, Abel, Abel, Abel! Oh, Abel!"

Elmira, with a shawl over her night-gown, bearing a flaring candle, rushed across the landing from her room. "Oh!" she gasped, "what is it?—what is it?"

"I guess mother has been dreaming again," Jerome replied, hoarsely; but the thought was in his mind that his mother had gone mad.

"There's—cold air—coming—in," Elmira said, in her straining voice. "The front door is—wide open."

At that Jerome pushed her aside and rushed down the stairs and into the kitchen.

There stood his mother over an old man seated in her rocking-chair. There she stood, pressing his white head against her breast, calling over and over again in a tone through whose present jubilation sounded the wail of past woe, "Oh, Abel, Abel, Abel!"

Jerome looked at them. He wondered dazedly if he were really there and awake, or asleep and dreaming upstairs in his bed. Elmira came close beside him and clutched his arm; even that did not clear his bewildered perceptions into certainty. It is always easier for the normal mind, when confronted by astonishing spectacles, to doubt its own accuracy rather than believe in them.

"Do *you* see him?" he whispered sharply to Elmira.

"Yes. Who is it? *Who* is it?"

Then Jerome, in his utter bewilderment, spoke out the secret which he had kept since childhood. "It can't be father," said he. "It can't be. I found his hat on the shore of the Dead Hole. Father drowned himself there."

At the sound of his voice Ann turned round. "It's your father," she cried out, sharply. "It's your father come home. Abel, here's the children."

Jerome eyed a small japanned box or trunk on the floor, a stout stick, and handkerchief parcel. He noted then clots of melting snow where the old man had trod. Somehow the sight of the snow did more to restore his faculties than anything else. "For heaven's sake, let us go to work," he cried to Elmira, "or he'll die!" He's exhausted with tramping through the snow. Get some of that brandy in the cupboard, quick, while I start up the fire."

"Is it father? Oh, Jerome, is it father?"

"Mother says so. Get the brandy, quick!"

Jerome stirred the fire into a blaze and put on the kettle; then he went to his mother and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Now, mother," he said, "he must be put into a warm bed."

"Yes, put him into his own bed, his own bed," shrieked his mother. "Oh, Abel, dear soul, come and sleep in your own bed again, after all these years! Poor man, poor man, you've got home to your own bed!"

Jerome gave his mother's thin, vibrating shoulder a firm shake. "Mother," he said, "tell me, you must tell me, is this man father?"

"Don't you know him? Don't you know your own father? Look at him!" Ann threw back her head and pointed at the old worn face on her breast.

Jerome stared at it. "Where—did he come—from?" he panted.

"I don't know. He's come. Oh, Abel, Abel, you've come home!"

"Give me some of that brandy, quick," Jerome called to Elmira, who stood trembling, holding the bottle and glass. He poured out some brandy, and with a teaspoon fed the old man, a few drops at a time. Presently he raised his head feebly, but it sank back. He tried to speak. "Don't try to talk," said Jerome. "Wait till you're rested. Mother, let him alone now; sit down there. Elmira, you must try and help me a little."

"If you've got to be helped, I'll help," cried Ann, fiercely. "I don't want that child!"

With that his mother, who had not walked since he could remember, ran into the bedroom and began spreading the sheets smooth and shaking the pillows.

The old man was a light weight. Jerome almost carried him into the bedroom and laid him on the bed. He fed him with more brandy, and put hot-water bottles around him. Presently he breathed evenly in a sweet sleep. Ann sat by his side holding his hand, and would not stir, though Jerome besought her to go up stairs to Elmira's room.

"I guess I don't leave him to stray away again," said she.

Out in the kitchen Elmira pressed close to Jerome. "Is it," she whispered in his ear—"is it father?"

Jerome nodded.

"How do you know?"

"I remember."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; he's grown old, but I remember."

"Where—did he—come from?"

"I don't know. We must wait till he wakes up."

The brother and sister huddled close together over the fire and waited. Elmira held Jerome's hand fast in her little cold one.

"What's in that little tin trunk?"

"Hush! I don't know."

"Jerome, mother *walked*."

"Hush! I saw her."

It was an hour before they heard a sound from the bedroom. Then Ann's voice rang out clearly, and another, husky and feeble, sounded in response. Jerome and Elmira went into the room and stood beside the bed.

"Here's the children, Abel," said Ann.

The face on the pillow looked stranger than before to Jerome. When half unconscious it had worn a certain stern restraint which coincided with his old memories; now it was full of an innocent pleasantness, like a child's, which puzzled him. The old man began talking eagerly, too, and Jerome remembered his father as very slow-spoken, though it might have been the slowness of self-control, not temperament.

"How they've grown!" he said, looking at his children and then at Ann. "That's Jerome and that's Elmira. How I've 'lotted on this day!" He held out a feeble hand; Elmira took it timidly, then leaned over and kissed him. Jerome took it then, and it seemed to him like a hand from the grave. His doubt passed; he knew that this man was his father.

"I hadn't got asleep," Ann said. "I was thinkin' about him. I heard somebody at the front door; I got up and went; I knew it was him."

The old man smiled at them all. "I'll tell you where I've been," he said. "It won't take long. I was behindhand in that interest-money. I couldn't earn enough to get ahead nohow. I was nothin' but a drag on you all—nothin' but a drag. All of a sudden, that day when I went away, I reasoned of it out. Says I, that mortgage will be foreclosed; my stayin' where I be won't make no difference about that. I ain't doin' anything for my family anyway. I'm wore out tryin', and it's no use. If I go away I can do more for 'em than if I stay. I can save every cent I earn till I get enough to pay that mortgage up. I'll get a chance that way to do somethin' for 'em. So I went."

The utter inconsequence of his father's reasoning smote Jerome like a child. "His mind isn't just right," he thought.

"Where did you go, Abel?" asked his mother.

"To West Linfield."

"What?" cried Jerome. "That's only twenty miles away."

Abel Edwards laughed with childlike cunning. "I know it," he said. "I went to work on Jabez Summers's farm there; it's way up the hill road; nobody ever came there that knew me. I took another name, too; called myself Ephraim Green. I've saved up fifteen hundred dollars. It's there in that little tin chist. I bought that of Summers for a shillin' to keep my money in. There's five hundred in gold, an' the rest in bank-bills. You needn't worry now, mother. We'll pay that mortgage up to-morrow."

"The mortgage is all paid. We've paid it, Abel," cried Ann.

"Paid! The mortgage ain't paid?"

"Yes, we've paid it. We all earnt money an' paid it."

"Then we can keep the money," said the old man, happily. "We can keep it, mother. I thought it would go kinder hard partin' with it. I've worked so hard to save it. I 'ain't had many clothes, an' I 'ain't even been to meetin' lately, my coat got so ragged."

Elmira was crying.

"How did you get here to-night, father?" Jerome asked, huskily.

"I walked from West Linfield; started yesterday afternoon. I come as far as Westbrook, an' it began to snow. I put up at Hayes's Tavern."

"At Hayes's Tavern with all that money!" exclaimed Elmira.

"Why, ain't they honest there?" asked the old man, quickly.

"Yes, father; they're all right, I guess. Go on."

"They seemed real honest," said his father. "I told 'em all about it, and they acted real interested. Mis' Hayes, she fried me some slapjacks for supper. I had a good room, with a man who was goin' to Boston this mornin'. He started afore light; he was gone when I woke up. I staid there till afternoon; then I started out. I got a lift as far as the Corners, then I walked a spell, and went into a house where they give me some supper, and give me another lift as far as the Stone Hill meetin'-house. I've been trampin' since. It was ruther hard on account of the roads bein' some drifted, but it's stopped snowin'."

"Why didn't you come on the coach, Abel, when you had all that money?" asked Ann, pitifully. "I wonder it hadn't killed you."

"Do you suppose I was goin' to spend that money for coach hire? You dun'no' how awful hard it come, mother," replied the old man. He closed his eyes as he spoke; he was weary almost to death.

"He'll go to sleep again if you don't talk, mother," Jerome whispered.

"Well, I'll lay down side of him, an' mebbe we'll both go to sleep," his mother said, with a strange docility. Jerome assisted her into the bed, then he and Elmira went back to the kitchen.

Jerome motioned to Elmira to be quiet, and cautiously lifted the little japanned trunk and passed it from one hand to the other as if testing its weight. Elmira watched him with her bewildered, tearful eyes. Finally he tiptoed softly out with it, motioning her to follow with the candle. They went into the icy parlor and closed the door.

"What's the matter, Jerome?" Elmira whispered.

"I'm afraid there may be something wrong with the money. I'm going to find it out before he does if there is."

There was a little padlock on the trunk, but it was tied together with a bit of leather shoestring, not locked. Jerome took out his jack-knife, cut the string, and opened the trunk. Elmira held the candle while he examined the contents. There was a large old wallet stuffed with bank-notes, also several parcels of them tied up carefully.

"It's just as I thought," Jerome muttered.

"What?"

"Some of the money is gone. The gold isn't here. It might have been the man who roomed with him at Hayes's Tavern. There have been queer things done there before now. All I wonder is he didn't take it all."

"Oh, Jerome! it isn't gone?"

"Yes, the gold is gone. Here is the bag it was in. The thief left that. Suppose he thought he might be traced by it."

"Oh, poor father—poor father! What will he do?" moaned Elmira.

"He'll do nothing. He'll never know it," said Jerome.

"What do you mean?"

"Wait here a minute." Jerome went noiselessly out of the room and up stairs. He returned soon with a leathern bag, which he carried with great caution. "I'm trying to keep this from jingling," he whispered.

"Oh, Jerome! what is it?"

Jerome laughed, and untied the mouth of the bag. "You must help me to put it into the other bag; every dollar will have to be counted separately."

"Oh, Jerome! is it money you've saved?"

"Yes, and don't you ever tell of it, to either of them, or anybody else, as long as you live. I guess poor father sha'n't know he's lost any of his money he's worked so hard to get, if I can help it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONDON.

May 5, 1897.

If a certain terror, for the nerves, attaches, each year, to the return of the May "exhibitions," it may fortunately be said to conform to the general remedy for trepidation, the truth that, when looked well in the face, danger diminishes, shrinks even and shrivels. The exhibitions are in short only fearsome till you march straight up to them; by which I mean not so much that alarm is then changed to interest as that interest itself, dropping almost wholly out of the question, leaves a residuum as faint, for the most part, in relation to the mass, as the smell of burnt paper after a blaze. The problem this year, at any rate, if problem it be, is complicated by the recurrence, at the Guildhall, of one of the interesting loan exhibitions of which the promotion has lately become a graceful added attribute of the Lord Mayor. Of the three main shows open to the London *badaud* the Victorian array at the Guildhall—enhanced more or less, of course, by a Jubilee glamour—is on this occasion in the same degree as on others certainly the most beguiling. Its effect partly proceeds perhaps from its pleasant air, in the sordid strife of the City, of almost romantic unlikelihood. You travel to those parts to snatch, if you can, a precarious dividend—a return, for invested shillings, not of the æsthetic order. Your prize at the Guildhall is in fact the greater that the usual shilling is not, as I remember, demanded. The length of your pilgrimage is indeed a part of your amusement, and there is even a little thrill—at least for the artist in general—to be gathered from the implication, vaguely discernible, of the final irresistibility of art. Piccadilly and Bond Street patronize it, but at the Guildhall, with the civic chambers for their *salon*, and the big policemen for their servants, the painters themselves are the patrons. On your way in, or your way out, you may turn moreover into the great gloomy central hall, which used to be thought so fine, the scene of heavy feasts and heavy speeches, with its immensity of roof, its rococo monuments, and its legendary Gog and Magog nestling in the dusk of its gallery like dolls forgotten in the window of a bankrupt toy-shop: to feel in a peculiar degree, among the echoes of pompous old toasts, that if the ironic spirit has found a perch here it can only be because the ironic spirit has, after all then, to be propitiated. I hasten to admit that there are actually on view, under the Lord Mayor's rule, works that are not a little of a nature to stimulate it.

Old and forgotten things, on these occasions, come back to us, the so-called successes of past decades, the hits and the misses of faded or flourishing names; and what is really interesting, in almost any connection, is the ordeal and the proof of time. We seem to gaze through the glass of a great green aquarium, with a few inhabitants, a few "objects," well at the top, half out of the water and catching the light, and a queer majority scattered, at different depths, in an increasing opacity of submersion. At the bottom several are prostrate, motionless among mosses and pebbles. There they lie in a posture so tragic as to make it indelicate to look at them. Of the painters who, if my image have any truth, still play on the surface Sir John Millais is, this year, all the more interesting to meet that his absence from Burlington House, where he reigned so long, has more to do perhaps than one would have dreamed in advance with the melancholy flatness of the Academy of 1897. It is surely with him as with Leighton, that he cast across the desert a bigger shadow than we knew. We might find him falling lower, but he gave, even in his fall, what schoolboys call a "back" to the show. It climbed a little higher from his shoulders, long as his shoulders had ceased to be those of the painter of the "Blind Girl," the "Huguenots" and the "Ferdinand and Ariel," the three pearls, to my sense, of the Guildhall. The liveliest impression really to be obtained there is the intensity of reflection suggested by these reminders of that strangest of careers. I can think, in this order of matters, of no mystery more impenetrable than the comparatively common maturity of the man who had risen so high in his youth. The difference of quality in the two periods is not to be explained, the explanation not to be imagined, the hiatus, in fine, not to be bridged. The case would have been a subject for Browning, a story for him to have dealt with or got behind, as we say, in some replete monologue that might have been a match for his study of the bold Filippo Lippi or his elucidation of the subdued Andrea. The "Blind Girl" would need only to be in the National Gallery to become a national treasure; it has found a home, if I am not mistaken, in one of the provincial museums. Masterly are the power and the beauty of the sealed, simple, blooming English face, framed in its red hair and its country shawl and offered, in its pretty, pathetic, plebeian smugness, as a sacrifice to the vividness of the summer and the glory of the rainbow. Rossetti is also present in some force, and Holman Hunt, and Frederick Walker, and two or three others before whom it would be no loss of a moment to pause; but I can only stop long enough to make amends to the name of Madox Brown for not having mentioned the other day, in speaking of his own exhibition, where it was conspicuous, his "Farewell to England," valuable perhaps supremely as an example of his queer, hard, ugly, but rich and full sincerity. Husband and wife, in the dreariest dress of the fifties—the bonnet-strings of the lady an especial desolation, united by their open umbrella and by the passion that forms peculiarly the artist's subject, sit hand in hand on the deck of a departing vessel and, in a deadliness of bad weather, a wonderful verity of wind and rain and seasickening salt spray, watch, with a heartache that wells into their fixed eyes and brings tears into one's own, the shores of their country recede. It would take more time than I command to give an idea of the curious "middle-class" poetry and prose of this work and say over all that it adds up, as it were, to hand you, on a total made grimly distinct and without an attenuating flourish, as straight as an unpaid bill. The intensity is extraordinary; marvellous the truth, the flatness, the directness of the "British" note, and the wealth of drama in the faces; the force, above all, of the discrimination between the emotion of the woman and the emotion of the man. These things and fifty others make the picture surely one of the most expressive in the world.

Wide is the kingdom of art, in which the critic must turn from it to Sargent's ineffable "Mrs. Hammersley," the very finest flower of a method all shimmering off into mystery, with the same small and stale apparatus of enjoyment and reflection. I should endeavor to escape by postponement from such a shock to the machine, were it not that, this year, the year—heaven save the mark!—of his full Academicianship, Mr. Sargent declines even more than usual to be relegated. If I fly for delay to the New Gallery he is the only thing I see, and if I hurry thence to Burlington House he is certainly the very first thing. If one wished to make a great point of it one might, I suppose, remark that with Mr. Sargent's "Mrs. Carl Meyer" and her children and Mr. Abbey's "Hamlet and Ophelia," to say nothing of Mr. Shannon's conspicuous and abundant work, the new Americans, in 1897, have it much their own way. But *is* a painter an American, and above all a new one, after he has become an R.A.; especially a painter born, like Mr. Sargent, beside the Arno and with forty years of Europe on his conscience? The portrait of Mrs. Meyer, at any rate, may render the visitor of whatever race the service of simplifying his despair. It is so far higher a triumph of painting than anything else in the place that, meeting it early in his course, the spectator turns from it with a grateful sense that the whole message of that art has on this occasion, so far as he is concerned, been uttered and that nothing can be added to it by anything else he may endeavor to get into relation with. It is a fashion as old, I believe, as the Academy to say, any year, that the Academy is deplorable; so far as that is the case there is little at the present crisis to contribute to a breaking of the spell. Never, since I have known these demonstrations, has the "line" been held by so many dogs-in-the-manger, painters who neither make a figure nor allow others room to make it. The first year of the reign of the new President is literally an *année terrible*, with honors unaccountable rendered to productions unmentionable, some of them indeed works imposed by a fatal membership, a heritage of woe, but others, in no small number, hung apparently on their merits. A part of the general triviality springs, no doubt, from our missing the note of style, the note in particular of knowledge, as it was struck by Leighton and Millais. There were things that, on occasion, we missed in *them;* but evidently, after all, they could ill be spared. Knowledge and style are not enthroned in the vacancy.

There came over me as never before at Burlington House that wanton fancy, engendered from time to time by a picture, a book, a play, of reading into the impression produced, not the qualities of the producer, but those of the public involved or implied, the public addressed and aimed at, wooed, whether won or not, and on theory at all events to be captured. This is an interesting little game when played in certain conditions; it consists, strictly, in trying to brush from the mind whatever image of the great absorbent multitude one's own experience may have deposited there and in constructing instead, from the evidence before one, the particular multitude depended upon, in the artist's thought, to admire and to buy. We arrive hereby, according as the thought in question has been fine or coarse, at evocations the most various and the most curious. Reading three days ago *L'Orme du Mail*, the last loose flower—as spicily sweet as a clove-pink—of the genius of Anatole France, my interest in the author's talent and subject suddenly, and under mystic coercion, found itself merged in an interest still more persuasive in the special group of readers, large or limited, posited, so to speak, by the imagination, by the intention of the writer. My glimpse of this group drew me, for the moment, by an insidious charm, from the insidious charm of the book itself, making me literally murmur to myself as I read: "Oh, the adorable people; the intelligent, exquisite, delicious people; oh, the people to commune with, to live with, to work for!" So great a glamour could settle on the particular public that such an appeal could in good faith take for granted. Does any public so particular exist?—is any such appeal to be conceived as being really met? The answer, it seems to me, concerns only M. Anatole France: he alone can take the measure of the response, the success encountered. The game, for our own part, is sufficiently played when we have dreamed that there *may*, in the weary world, be such good company—that, in short, it would be the best company possible if it did provably exist. Playing our game, then, at the Academy, we evoke the responsive populations on which, as it stands, the Academy exerts its blandishments. Do they, the populations, in the same way, really exist? are they rightly to be taken for granted? It is for the Academy, as for M. Anatole France to determine; the Academy only can sound the abyss and appreciate the affinity. What touches ourselves is simply the reflection that their existence would be a heavy blow to civilization if established beyond a doubt. What would become of any individual who should directly charge the British public with the vulgarity and ignorance that it is the effect of so many of the acres of canvas in question to nail upon it with a positive frenzy of the hammer? Exhibitions, in truth, are more and more cruel, and are not more misleading in anything, doubtless, than just in making such an indictment appear so collective. Individual pieces make their finer appeal and seek their finer affinity: the misery is that they are lost in the general loudness and glare. One would like to pick them all out, to remove them, wounded and dying, from the choking battle smoke and carry them into the cool, dim hospital of isolation and independence.

All the more happy then the painter round whom, as round Mr. Sargent, the royal tent seems serenely to close. The artist who is most of a master is anywhere practically isolated. The subject of Mr. Sargent's principal picture wears a pale pink satin dress with wonderful gauzy accessories and, sitting on a Pompadour sofa, presents to incredulous view a pair of imperceptible feet. Her dark hair, powdered or, in spite of youth, faintly gray, is raised high over her forehead and dressed with a pale pink topknot and small black plume, and, though her type is markedly Jewish, the tinting, ever so delicate, of the space between her upper lip and her nose is not an effect of the shadow of the latter feature. She has round her neck a string of pearls, ineffably painted, that hangs down to her shoes; and one of her hands, raised to rest as she turns, against the old faded, figured tapestry of her seat, holds the hand of one of her two children, boy and girl, who, with their dark heads together, show, over the back of the sofa, shy olive faces, Jewish to a quaint orientalism, faces quite to peep out of the lattice or the curtains of closed seraglio or palanquin. Of these elements Mr. Sargent has made a picture of a knock-down insolence of talent and truth of characterization, a wonderful rendering of life, of manners, of aspects, of types, of textures, of everything. It is the old story; he expresses himself as no one else scarce begins to do in the language of the art he practises. The complete acquisition of this language seems to so few, as it happens, a needful precaution! Beside him, at any rate, his competitors appear to stammer; and his accent is not to be caught, his process, thank heaven, not to be analyzed.

Mr. Abbey had a triumph last year with his "Richard III. and Lady Anne," and I am not sure that this year he has absolutely equalled it. But I am lost in wonder at the rapidity of his pictorial development, so short a time has it taken him to spring to these heights and complexities of style from the black and white work in which, for years, if his grasp of character was so all his own his scale was yet so different. His picture of to-day, noble in color and strongly composed, shows him as one of the first of dramatic painters. I apply that term not because he takes subjects from plays, but because he has in any subject so rare a sense for the dramatic moment. In his version of the play-scene in *Hamlet* he holds it with the firmness of a master. The "story-picture" is an affliction whenever it is not a joy; when Mr. Abbey paints it, at all events, I lose myself in it for long—I lose myself in that deep within where, on their painted, parti-colored bench, his king and queen, like a couple behind a runaway, draw long, pale faces, hesitate between sitting tight and taking the jump, and instinctively add, on the royal seat, to the space that separates them. I lose myself not less in the white beauty of Ophelia—all whiteness in a sombre field—whose expression, as strange, almost, and as rendered, as Lady Anne's, last year, shows, as germs of her doom and with an admirable unbearded Polonius at her back, a slow wonder and terror at what is before her. May Mr. G. H. Boughton still be included in a record of "American" success? He sends this year, as his diploma picture, one of his most charming smaller productions, a mediæval fine lady coming out of church, into moon-lighted snow, with her train and her torches; as well as a still smaller blue subject that derives point from a black figure—a subject blue with the blueness of admirable water, wind and graduated distance. I don't mean, however, to say that there is no one at the Academy and at the New Gallery but Mr. Boughton, Mr. Abbey and Mr. Sargent: what it comes to is simply that my generals have as usual absorbed and swamped my particulars. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, at the New Gallery, carries on the great tradition of his poetry and his patience. Several of the most confirmed and even most distinguished dealers with "subjects" at Burlington House show, on the other hand, a sharp tendency to forsake them for portraiture; and as portraiture is, to my sense, according to circumstance, either a very great or a very small game, congratulation has, on this ground, a markedly sliding scale. Mr. Orchardson at least cultivates it with the happiest results. Mr. Gregory has done the same on more than one occasion—Mr. Gregory who is delightful whatever he does and who has never been more so than, this time, in his admirable "Boulter's Lock," which, though crowded, is not confused, and which, in its feeling for the comedy, the pastoral, the picture of the bepaddled Thames, its variety of episode, its acuteness and beauty of characterization and its extraordinary perfection of finish, is such a work as may make the happiest conclusion to a summary of an English show. I have intimated that the Academy, as a whole, is dreary; but no one is less dreary than Mr. Gregory and no one more intensely of his race. He is a mixture I delight in.

HENRY JAMES.

THE NATIONAL PARKS

AND FOREST RESERVATIONS.

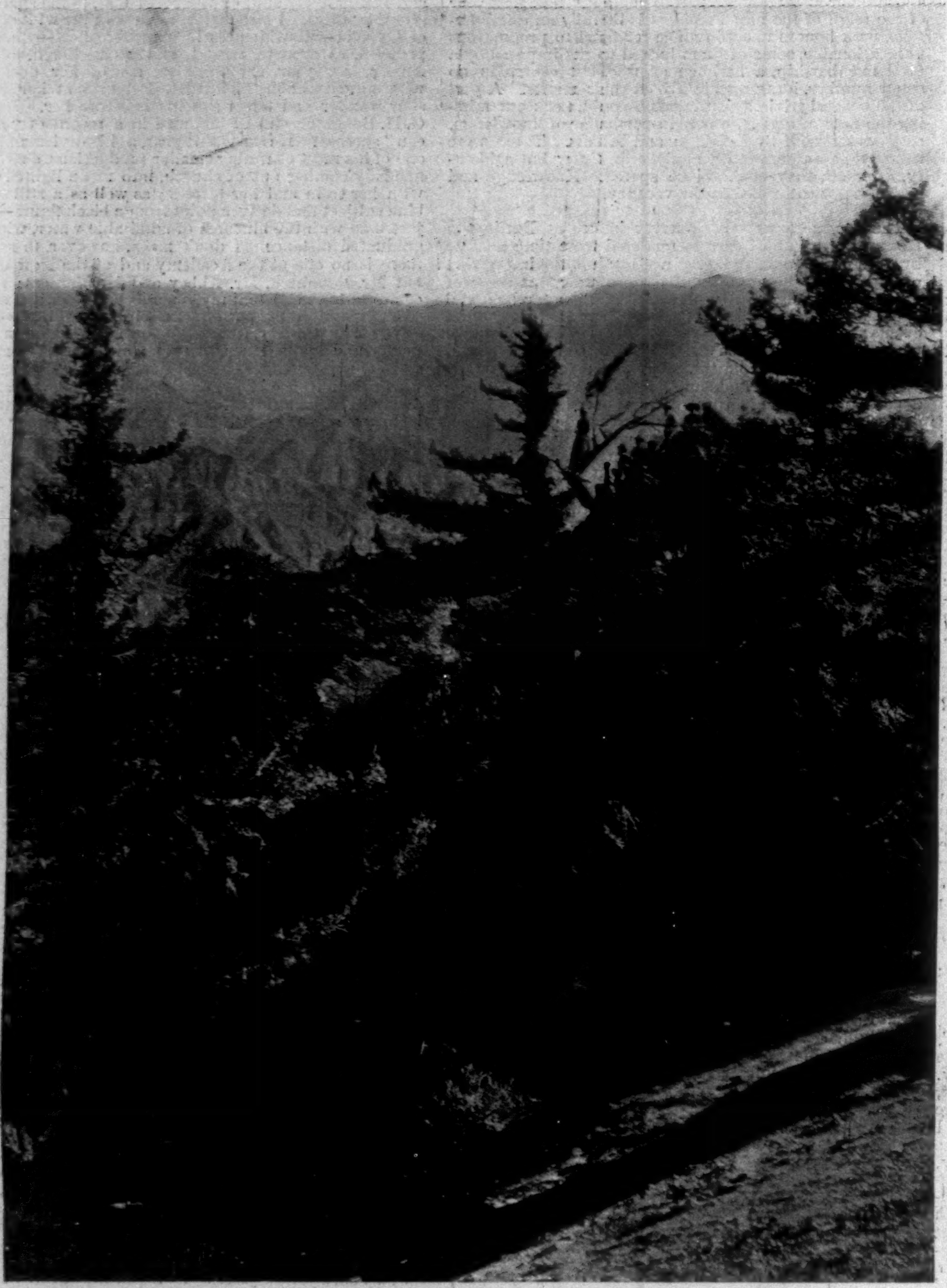
BY JOHN MUIR.

ONE fine calm day last summer, when Professor Sargent, General Abbot, and myself were going through the California redwoods, admiring their wondrous beauty and grandeur and silence, we came suddenly upon a scene of disorder. At the foot of a shallow dell, where a little stream crosses the way, we discovered three Indians, a white man, and a horse, all in wild motion—especially the horse. He was a good-looking animal, well bred apparently, but laboring under furious excitement—snorting, groaning, springing up on his hind legs and beating the air, then dropping on his knees as if trying to stand on his head, plunging back and forth in blind fury, butting his master like a goat, butting the bank on one side of the road and the gnarled base of one of the giant trees on the other, as if trying to break his neck, his eyes staring wildly, while he steamed and quivered and threw off splashes of froth from his widely distended nostrils. The Indians scrambled into the bushes out of danger, and the bewildered white man, holding on to the halter and dodging about to avoid being crushed, was swearing aloud in despair. We all knew something about horses, but could give no assistance. Everybody was puzzled. What could be the matter with the animal? He seemed to be torn and tossed by devils. At length, when we were at our wits' end, a yellow-jacket was found in his ear. Then the excitement seemed excessively reasonable, and of course, after the maddening insect was got rid of, the storm subsided as quickly as it rose.

And last February, when the wild storm of protest came out of the West against the grand new forest reservations proclaimed by President Cleveland, I thought of that poor horse, and said, "These men must have yellow-jackets in their ears." Gold stings worse than the wasps of the woods, and gives rise to far more unreasonable and unexplainable behavior. "All our precious mountains," they screamed, "with their stores of timber and grass, silver and gold, fertile valleys and streams—all the natural resources of our great growing States are set aside from use, smothered up in mere pleasure-grounds for wild beasts and a set of sick, rich, dawdling sentimentalists. For this purpose business is blocked and every current of industry dammed. Will our people stand this? No-o-o!" Which in plain English means, "Let us steal and destroy in peace."

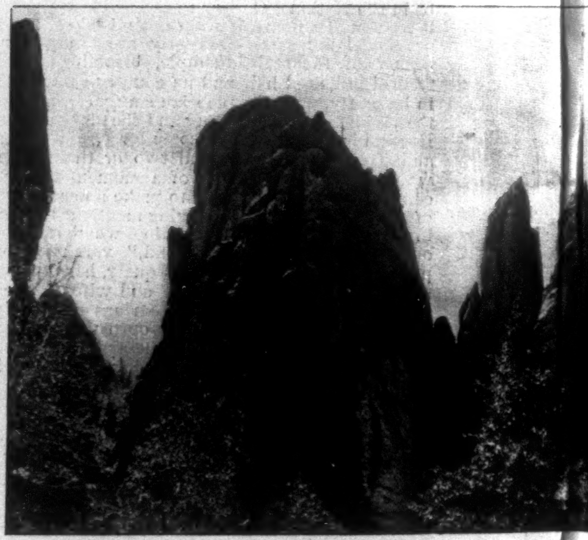
Judging by the number and violence of these protests, one would be led to believe that 'most everybody was against the reservation system, none heartily for it. But in truth it is far otherwise. Probably more than ninety per cent. of the people in the States in which the new reservations lie are in favor of them, or at least of some form of government protection and control. On our travels last summer we talked with all sorts of settlers—miners, prospectors, merchants, etc.—and I cannot recall a single instance in which objection was made to a rational government forest policy by any one not interested in plunder. Now, unfortunately, many of the best men in the country have been drawn over to the opposition through cunningly devised fables.

Much is said on questions of this kind about "the greatest good for the greatest number," but the greatest number is too often found to be number one. It is never the greatest number in the common meaning of the term that make the greatest noise and stir on questions mixed with money. One man with a thousand-dollar yellow-jacket in his ear will make more bewildering noise and do more effective kicking and fighting on certain public measures than a million working-men minding their own business, and whose cash interests are not visibly involved. But as soon as light comes, the awakened million creates a public opinion that overcomes wrong, however cunningly veiled. When the opposition first appeared in the newspapers many friends said, "The reservation system is doomed; the government commission has made the mistake of recommending too many large reserves at once, and this



A BIT OF THE SAN GABRIEL RESERVE, IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

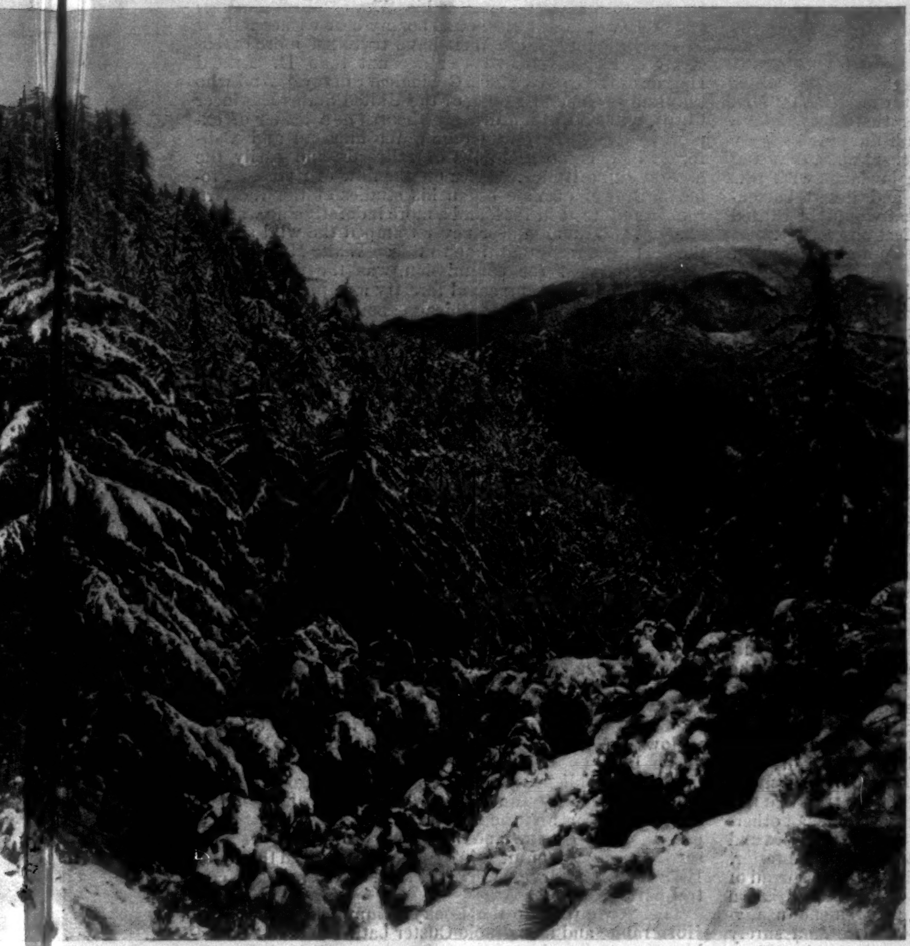
AFTER A S
Looking West down Grand Cañon from



A GROUP OF PEAKS IN THE BLACK HILLS RESERVA

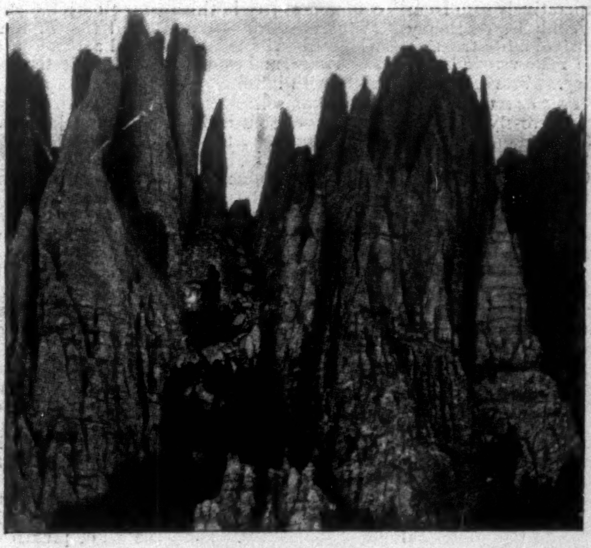
MOUNT RAINIER RESERVE.

A TRIP WITH THE NATIONAL FORESTRY COMMISSIONERS THROUGH



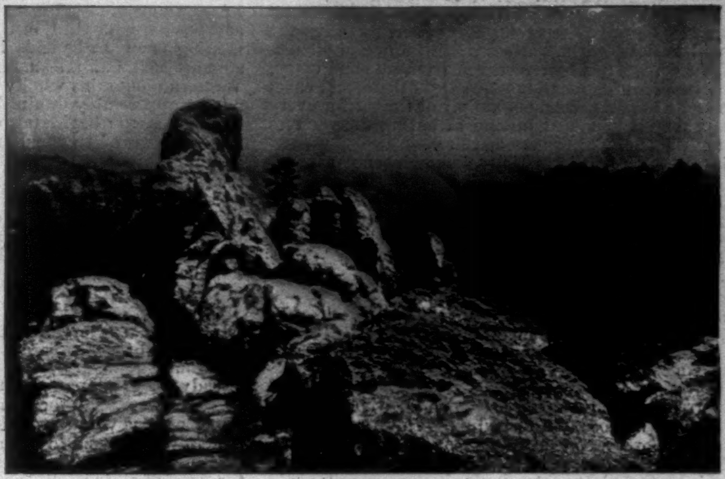
A SNOW-STORM IN THE SAN GABRIEL RESERVE.
n from the side of Mount Lome, showing the San Bernardino Reserve in the Distance.

ERVE, SOUTH DAKOTA.



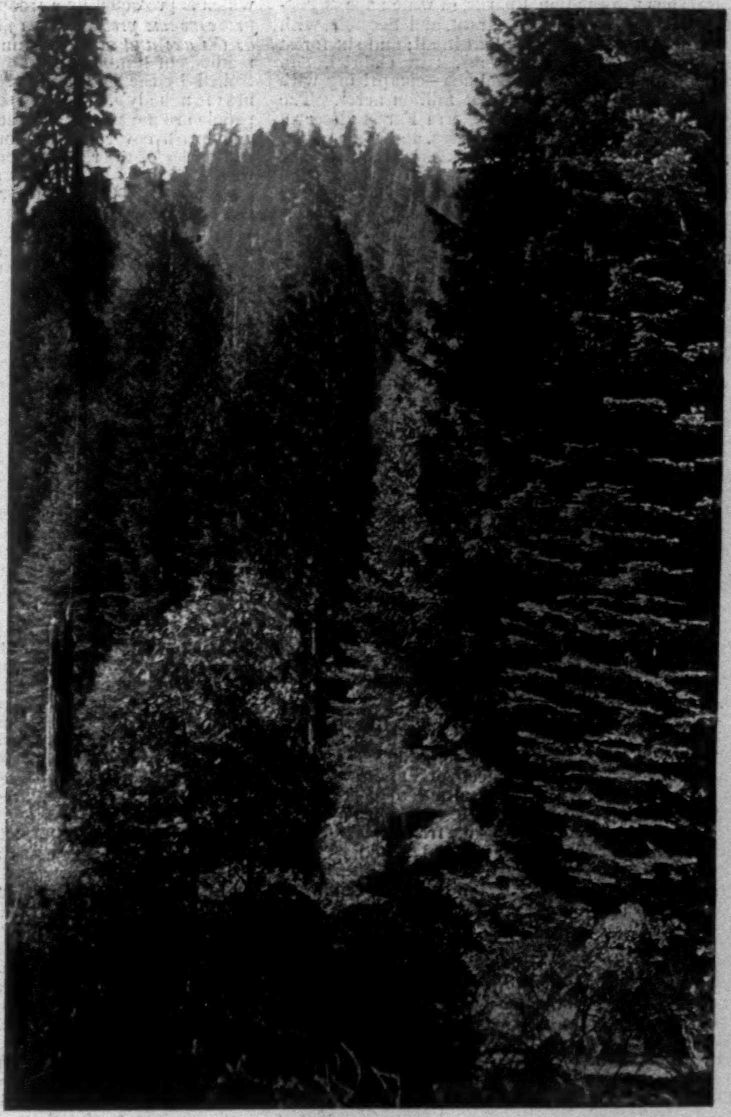
THE NEEDLES, IN THE BLACK HILLS RESERVE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.



HARNEY PEAK, IN THE BLACK HILLS RESERVE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

A GROVE OF SEQUOIAS IN THE SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK.



YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

GH OUR NATIONAL PARKS AND FOREST RESERVATIONS.—[See Page 563.]

has united the Western Senators and Representatives against them." But I said: "No. Much must be said on both sides of the question, and the sooner it is stirred up and debated before the people the better, for thus the light will be let into it." Now that so much of what is left of the forests has been reserved from sale and entry, Congress will be compelled to take care of them, and enact laws under which a permanent supply of timber for every right use may be obtained, instead of letting the reserves lie idle at the mercy of thieves and fire.

To invent and to set in motion a common-sense management seems easy; but so many varied conditions come forward for consideration, and, under long neglect, so many bad practices have sprung up and become deeply rooted, that a good deal of fighting will have to be done before even the most obviously required reforms can be established. Nothing good is got without fighting. This forest battle is part and parcel of the eternal conflict between right and wrong.

No sooner is any reserve made than it is attacked as being too large, infringing on the "vested rights" of settlers, discouraging industry, etc. Thus every one of the parks and reservations in Oregon and California made by President Harrison, and President Cleveland during his first term of office, has been subjected to stormy protests and objections of every conceivable kind, and strenuous efforts have been made to break and to shove back their boundaries. Only last year a determined effort was made to cut off three-fourths of the magnificent Cascade Mountain Forest Reserve in Oregon. And two years ago an attempt was made in Congress to reduce the area of the Yosemite National Park one-half, in the name of seventy-five poor, honest, much-hurt farmers, but really for a few lumbermen and sheep-owners. And so it is always. Complaints are made in the name of poor settlers and miners, while the wealthy corporations are kept carefully hidden in the background. I know this park well, and say, on the contrary, that there is little or nothing in it that can rightly be called a farm, but only a few small garden spots, hay-meadows, and cattle-ranches, whose owners, far from complaining, are rejoicing in the protection afforded them, especially from the devastating hordes of sheep that formerly clearèd the ground about them every summer of every green leaf and twig. But the fight goes on nevertheless, and will go on, no matter how great or small the reserves may be. God began the reservation system in Eden, and this first reserve included only one tree. Yet even so moderate a reserve as this was attacked. And if only one tree of each species in our woods were reserved as types and monuments of all that was noble and glorious in vanished American forests, it would doubtless be but a short time ere you would find lawyers and lumbermen at the feet of them arguing that for the good of the nation, for the sake of the dear people, and to clear a path for prosperity and progress, these trees must come down; and we should have to go on defending them against patriotic thieves that are ever ready to break through and steal, as if each tree were a million-acre reserve. It is only in the Better Land that goods need no defence. There are trees in heaven that are safe from politicians and fire, but there is none here.

California has three national parks, of which she is justly proud, the Yosemite, General Grant, and Sequoia, with an area of more than a million acres in all; and six forest reservations, the Sierra, Stanislaus, San Gabriel, San Bernardino, San Jacinto, and Trabuco—comprising with the parks a total area of over eight million acres. The largest and most important is the Sierra Forest Reserve, with an area of over four million acres, and some of the most novel, beautiful, and majestic scenery and noblest coniferous forests in the world.

When the news came last February that two of the thirteen new reservations had fallen to the lot of California there was general rejoicing, the only regret being that they were not larger. Since the first were proclaimed by President Harrison, public opinion has been growing steadily and rapidly in favor of forest protection, until now this State is overwhelmingly in favor of the reservation system, and the administration of forest affairs in general by the Federal government through the War Department. Of the costly and wholly inadequate and ineffective State laws and commissions we have had enough. But in our parks, during the few years they have been under the care of the military, the only unchanging arm of the government, and free from the blight of politics, we have gained a lesson we shall not forget, and we now pray for the extension of this protection over all the forests of the State remaining in the hands of the government, and of all the national forests everywhere. It is almost universally believed here that only a few lumbermen, sheep-owners, and plunderers in general, without visible means of support, are against this policy.

After the Yosemite National Park had been guarded four years by a small troop of cavalry, I made an extended excursion through it to see what the effect of this protection was. Before the military assumed control the forest floor was swept as bare as the driest desert at the end of every summer, and the sky was full of dust and smoke. Now the ground is covered with grass and flowers like a garden, and the bitten, trampled undergrowth of bushes has put forth fresh shoots and leaves, and is blooming again in wild shaggy beauty and fragrance. Only a few washed gullies on steep mountain-sides and the spots held as cattle-ranches continue to look frowsy and raw, while destructive fires have been almost wholly prevented. All this wonderful change from dust and ashes to beauty was effected by a mere handful of soldiers, without friction or noise. A single soldier armed with the authority of the United States and a gun would suffice to protect a hundred thousand acres of the Sierra forests, however difficult and rough the topography. As more and more orchards and vineyards are planted, and irrigating streams are led ever farther over the fertile lowlands, Californians are beginning to appreciate their forests as by far the most precious and indispensable of natural resources, and also the most destructible, and therefore to be guarded with jealous care. Like nearly all the other forests of the West, they are planted just where they do the most good, and where their removal would be followed by the greatest number of evils, so that their preservation can hardly be regarded as less than a physical necessity. In them, high on the mountains, the rivers that supply water for irrigation draw their sources. The fountain snow falls on to them, and is stored up and prevented from slipping into the bottoms of the cañons in avalanches, from being drifted into irregular heaps by the wind, and from melting with destructive and wasteful rapidity, while loss from evaporation is diminished, and the sod of grasses and bushes nourished in the shade absorbs much of the melting snow, and yields it slowly in oozing fertilizing streams that last all summer. Were the forests of the Western mountains wholly destroyed, the snowfall might not be appreciably diminished, but it would melt much faster. At the beginning of summer there would be a week or two of tremendous floods, all the year's supply would rush down the choked channels at once, carrying away the soil and overspreading the lowlands with raw detritus. Then would come drouth and desert barrenness, to say nothing of the distress that would be caused by want of forest products and the effect on scenery.

The aims of the National Forestry Commission and of the most advanced students of forestry in general are, as far as I know them, briefly as follows:

(1.) To advise the immediate withdrawal from entry and sale of all that is left of the forest-bearing lands still in the possession of the government, as the first necessary step and foundation for a permanent forest policy. This has already, in great part, been accomplished. That it was necessary to reserve these mountain forests few fair-minded Americans will deny. For as soon as the public lands are cut up and sold to private parties nothing in the way of general control and wise far-seeing management for the good of all is possible. These lands now belong to all the people of the East and West alike, and in thus reserving them they are not taken out of the public domain, but kept in it for the benefit and advantage of everybody. Too much of the country has already been denuded. Most of the magnificent woods of the Atlantic slope and the middle West have been destructively cleared for farms. Bread, rather than timber, was needed, and so the trees had to die that men might live. But very little of the forest-covered land still belonging to the United States is fit for agriculture. Nearly all of it is on the mountain ranges of the West, and is too rocky and high for wheat and apples, though of vast importance as fountains for irrigating rivers.

(2.) To recommend that, until other means are provided, Congress enact a law for the protection of the public forest reservations and parks, authorizing the Secretary of War, upon the request of the Secretary of the Interior, to make the necessary details of troops to protect the trees and undergrowth in the national parks and reservations not otherwise protected under existing laws to enforce the rules and regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior, and to prevent, as far as possible, the lighting and spread of forest fires. The main object of this proposed legislation is to stop, or at least greatly diminish, the tremendous ravages of the fires now devouring the woods. And surely no objection can be brought forward against this. Even reckless money-crazed persons with yellow-jackets in their ears must admit that forests are better than ashes. A strip of the grandest woods in the world, fronting the foggy breath of the Pacific Ocean, is, on account of this fog and a copious snow and rain fall, comparatively safe from running fires. But the broad, rough, complicated Rocky Mountain region is swept by most extensive and destructive fires every summer, excepting only the Yellowstone Park, which is protected by a troop of cavalry. *These desolating fires consume probably from five to ten times as much timber as the axe and saw*, even under present grossly wasteful methods of lumbering. Now these fires can only be controlled by the government. What is everybody's business is nobody's. Even in southern California, where the people are most awake to the necessity of saving the tree and brush cover of the mountain streams, on which the prosperity of the region depends, disastrous fires ravaged the San Gabriel Reserve last summer, and of course forest guards are loudly called for. As settlements are multiplied, and hunters, miners, prospectors, and stock-men invade the woods in ever-increasing numbers, of course fires are multiplied. Some of them result from mere carelessness, but it is well known that sheep-owners purposely fire the woods in hundreds of places toward the end of the summer season, when everything is dry, to facilitate the march of their flocks, and perhaps for a time improve the pasturage. Prospectors are also ruthless forest-burners, destroying millions of acres of priceless woods simply to lay the rocky ribs of the mountains bare, to thus increase their chances of discovering a mine. If this timber was only stolen and used, like stolen bread that is eaten, it would be less deplorable; but to burn it is the very climax of forest wickedness. To let this diabolical burning go on is as unrighteous and irrational as if the government should enact laws under which men should be encouraged and protected in the business of burning barns and wheat-fields for a living. No. Let right, commendable industry be fostered; but as to these Goths and Vandals of the wilderness, who are spreading black death in the fairest woods God ever made, let the government up and at 'em.

(3.) After careful study of the varied conditions of the different forest regions and the wants of the people, to invent and recommend a permanent, practical, rational forest management, somewhat like those in force in every other civilized country, by which, while checking needless waste, the forests may be made to yield a perennial supply of timber for every use and to spare by thinning out, cutting only the trees that ought to be cut, without injury to what are left, but rather to their advantage, and thus, without further diminishing the area of the forests, make them grow more beautiful, productive, and useful every year. On this problem, which should devoutly interest every right-minded citizen, the commission are at present engaged. It now remains to be seen how they will be supported. No abler forest commission could be found in America than the present one, appointed by the National Academy of Sciences, at the request of the Secretary of the Interior. Most of the members had already given the best years of life to forestry, and are in every way equipped for this work. Besides being possessed of the requisite scientific knowledge of trees, and experience drawn from extensive travel through the Western forests in former years, they are practical far-seeing men of affairs in general. Of course comparatively little could possibly be done in the study of so vast an area in one summer. But what could be done by energetic use of the means at command they did. And it must be borne in mind that most of the commission had explored the Rocky Mountains and other ranges of the West again and again during the last twenty or thirty years. Professor Sargent, chairman of the commission, and director of the Arnold Arboretum, of Harvard University, knows the forests, not only of the West, but of the whole country, better than any other man living, as his *Silva of North America* and other works on forestry and botany bear witness. Few of the explorers of the West have travelled more extensively and observed to better account than Dr. Arnold Hague, of the United States Geological Survey. And who that knows General Abbot, of the United States Engineer Corps, will call him a dreamy theorist?—a leader of exploring expeditions in Oregon, Washington, and California long before the days of railroads, and easily the highest authority in America on the flow of rivers. Professor Brewer of Yale began his studies of the Western rocks and forests in 1864, and a more indefatigable walker, student, and mountaineer never tramped the wild side of the continent from that time to this. While Mr. Pinchot, the secretary of the commission, was the first man in America to take up practical forestry as a profession.

The commission met in Chicago about the beginning of July, and I joined it there, on the invitation of the chairman. And what rough, broken sleeping we had to endure on our travels, and rough, wicked eating in dismal hotels and huts and musty hay-mows, no comfortable critic will ever know. With rare exceptions, only in the woods, with our own blankets and coffee and crackers, was anything like clean luxury enjoyed. Of course the longest journeys were made by rail, but we travelled at least a thousand miles on backwoods roads in wagons, with the customary quartz-mill jolting, and hundreds of miles on animals of mysterious wearisome gait and motion. I never before saw men who minded hardship less in urging a way through their appointed work.

We first visited the Black Hills in South Dakota, a mass of mountains and hills standing out isolated in the broad dry Western plains.

They are not very high—the highest, Mount Harney, rising only 9700 feet above the sea. But nowhere else in all my wide wanderings have I seen so strangely chopped and chiselled a mass of peaks, pillars, gorges, and glens. Here we spent a week examining the curious growth of feathery-tufted spruces among the rocks, and the sunny yellow-pine parks in the open spaces. Fire and wanton waste here, as everywhere in the West, have already made deplorable headway; and if allowed to go on, timber for the settlements and numerous mines will soon be scarce and dear, and the many small streams used to irrigate the adjacent lowlands will soon fail. For these reasons the commission unanimously recommended the Black Hills Forest Reserve, of about a million acres, in the central part.

Thence we went to the Rocky Mountains, past the Big Horn range and memorable Custer battle-field, to the Yellowstone National Park; and thence through and through the broad Rocky range in every direction, among its wide-spread and far-reaching bewildering spurs and forests, on which the Teton, Bitter Root, Lewis and Clark, Flathead, and Priest River forest reserves were located. The commonest tree in this vast region is the lodge-pole pine—*Pinus Contorta*—a wonderful tree of immense vitality, widely distributed from Alaska along the sea-coast far southward, and over all the main Western chains of mountains, with infinitely varied forms, in accordance with climate and soil. Here it is a small, hardy, slender tree, forming close growths like canebrakes, and as inflammable as grass. At the age of 150 or 200 years it is about six to eight inches in diameter and seventy-five feet high. As timber it is of little account, except for local use, but of the utmost importance as cover for the fountains of the great rivers that head here. On the western slopes the timber is much better, where the yellow pine, mountain-pine, and the giant Western larch grow to a height of nearly two hundred feet in some places, with a diameter of from three to eight feet.

From the Rocky Mountain woods we made our way to the vast unrivalled forests of the Pacific coast in Oregon and Washington, where we passed through hundreds of miles of Douglas spruce 300 feet high, mixed with the grand Western arbor-vitæ and Sitka spruce, scarcely inferior to the Douglas. Even these well-watered woods, we found, were wasted in many places by fire, as well as by destructive lumbering, notwithstanding the heavy rainfall they enjoy. These trees, growing close together like gigantic weeds, are the wonder and admiration of the world. It took nature many a century to make them, but fools can destroy them in a few years. Only the government can save them. Here the wild, picturesque, and most valuable Olympic Forest Reserve was located, and the grand Washington and Mount Rainier reserves.

Thence we turned southward and examined the great Cascade Mountain Forest Reserve, going up through it by Klamath Lake to Crater Lake on the summit of the range, and down by way of the Rogue River Valley, noting its marvellous wealth of lodge-pole pine, yellow pine, sugar-pine, mountain-pine, Sitka spruce, incense-cedar, noble silver-fir, and pure forests of the Paton hemlock—the most graceful of evergreens, but, like all the dry woods everywhere, horribly blackened and devastated by devilish fires. Here the commission divided—Professors Brewer and Hague going southward to examine the Mount Shasta region and the Sierra at the head-waters of the American River; Mr. Pinchot, to make a lonely excursion through the Yosemite National Park, across the High Sierra, and southward along the eastern flank to Fort Independence, and thence westward, recrossing the High Sierra by the Kearsarge Pass, and down through the Sierra Forest Reserve by way of the Grand Cañon of Kings River and the General Grant National Park; while Professor Sargent, General Abbot, and myself crossed to the westward from Grant's Pass, in Oregon, through the wild complicated Siskiyou Mountains to Crescent City, on the coast, and thence made our way southward through the redwood belt, meeting again in San Francisco. From San Francisco we made short trips into the Santa Lucia and other Coast mountains, and then set off for the Sequoia National Park in the Sierra, by way of Visalia and the famous groves of "big trees" on the Kahweah. Thence, continuing southward, we next examined the San Gabriel and San Bernardino reserves and the San Jacinto Mountains, where one of the new California reserves is located. Thence we went by rail to Flagstaff, Arizona, and from there pushed off into the charming and tremendous wilderness of the Grand Cañon Reserve. Here I turned homeward to California, while the commission went to the forest reserves of Colorado.

To describe all the forests we passed through and examined would require a book of many volumes. I have only space enough left here to say that all we saw last summer, added to what we had seen in these woods on excursions made in many other summers, only showed more fully that not only should all the reserves established be maintained, but that every remaining acre of unentered forest-bearing land in all the country, not more valuable for agriculture than for tree-growing, should be reserved, protected, and administered by the Federal government for the public good forever.

THE NEW ERA IN CANADA.

IT is not difficult to explain why the present session of the Dominion Parliament is attracting much more attention in Canada than any other session since 1878, when the late Sir John Macdonald came into office, and the Conservative party, with which the National Policy originated, entered on a lease of power at Ottawa which lasted until 1896. The elections of June last year brought about a complete overturn in Dominion politics. The Liberals, under the lead of Mr. Wilfred Laurier, came into power; and now, from the maritime provinces to British Columbia, Canadians are watching with eagerness the result of the change from a Conservative to a Liberal administration.

If the Liberals fulfil the pledges made in Opposition, and act up to the principles they enunciated in and out of Parliament from 1878 to 1896, Canada will enter on a new era. It will have what it is not possible to assert that it has had in the past—a clean and economic administration of the Dominion government. The Liberals advocated a government of this character during their eighteen years in Opposition. At last they persuaded the electors to believe that only by a change of party could this end be attained; and if, during the lifetime of the Parliament elected last year, the Liberals fulfil their pledges only to this extent, they will deserve well of Canada and of England, whose representative institutions Canada has so closely and faithfully copied.

No one who is familiar with both England and Canada, who has been much at Westminster and at Ottawa, can fail to note how closely English Parliamentary institutions and usages have been duplicated in Canada. So much so, in fact, that some of them strike one as out of place in a new country, and as anachronisms in a city which hardly had an existence thirty years ago. What in the past has seemed most obviously lacking to an English observer of Canadian politics has been the English spirit and the freedom from corruption which for the last sixty years have marked English political life. The Liberals of Canada have now an opportunity to introduce the English spirit, and if the Laurier government can succeed in doing this, and at the same time can succeed in grading up the Dominion civil service to the standard of the English service, Mr. Laurier will obtain a larger place in Canadian history since Confederation than any of his predecessors in the office of Prime Minister.

WILFRED LAURIER,
Prime Minister, and Leader in the House of Commons.

The administrative career of the Laurier government began in July. Its legislative career began in March last, and so far the new tariff is the chief result. It is the first great change applicable to the whole of the Dominion which has followed the substitution of the Liberal for the Conservative government, and it is likely to be the most important of all the measures which the present Parliament will pass. To a large extent it reverses the trade policy of the Dominion for the last twenty years, and it must bring Canada into closer connection with England than it has been since the era of the National Policy began. From 1879 until the closing days of April last, when the new Fielding-Cartwright tariff came into operation, Canada had had a protective tariff.

Nearly eight hundred enumerated articles were subject to import duties. On most of these the duties were highly protective; and taking the duties all round, the average rate was thirty-five per cent. This 1879–97 tariff was the backbone of the National Policy, and Canadian manufacturers supported this policy, and the Dominion politicians who were its mainstay, much in the same way and in the same spirit as the protected interests in the United States support the Republican party and the protective tariff for which the Republicans are responsible. The connection between the Canadian manufacturers and the Canadian politicians of the National Policy era was nearly as close as it is between the same interests in the United States. On a smaller scale there was the same "frying of the fat" out of the protected interests; and the Red Parlor conferences at Toronto, between the manufacturers and the politicians, were not unlike the private conferences between the protected interests and the politicians which take place at Washington when the tariff is being revised.

The Canadian Liberals are avowedly free-traders, as far as it is possible for the Dominion to have a free-trade system. While in Opposition they advocated a tariff for revenue similar to the tariffs which were in force from Confederation in 1867 to 1878, under which the import duties were on an average fifteen per cent., and then later, as the expenses of the government increased, seventeen and a half per cent. Their policy on the tariff question was ultimately embodied in what is now known as the Ottawa Liberal programme, drawn up at the national convention in 1893. The Ottawa programme denounced protection, attributed to the National Policy the corruption which had eaten its way into Dominion politics, and advocated freer trade relations with both Great Britain and the United States.

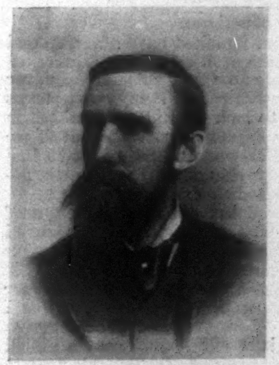
In one important respect the new tariff has fulfilled the pledges of the Liberals in Opposition. It established at once a system of preferential or freer trade with Great Britain, and changed most of the duties from specific to ad valorem rates, a change in the interest of consumers. Generally speaking, the average rate of duties of the National Policy tariffs is continued. There are a few reductions in duties. Corn, binder twine, and wire, all largely used by farmers, are put on the free list; but taking the new general tariff as a whole, the average of duties is still about thirty-five per cent. For England and other countries which are disposed to meet Canada on favorable conditions, however, these thirty-five-per-cent. duties in the general list are to be reduced by one-quarter, which will bring them down to about twenty-six per cent. Until July, 1898, the reduction in the interest of the favored nations will be only one-eighth. After July, next year, however, the rates will be permanently one-quarter less than those charged on imports from the United States and other countries which do not meet Canada on favorable terms; and when the increased expenditure of the Canadian government is taken into account—the differences between the outgoings of 1878 and 1897—it will be seen that so far as concerns England and the favored nations, the new tariff comes pretty near to a tariff for revenue.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT,
Minister of Justice and Leader of the Minority in the Senate.

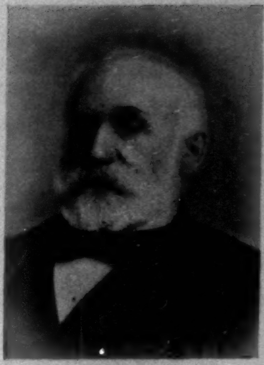
There are no new duties in open and direct retaliation for the Dingley bill and the largely increased duties that measure will impose on Canadian goods. But the tariff wall of the period from 1879 to 1897 is still kept intact against the United States, while it is cut down by one-quarter so far as England is concerned. The Laurier government was much pressed to impose a retaliatory export duty on logs and pulp wood, but it refused to do so. It is evidently of the opinion that the Dingley bill cannot be a permanent measure, and as Mr. Fielding, the Finance Minister, assured the House of Commons when he introduced the new tariff, the government does not regard the Dingley bill as cutting off all hope of reciprocal trade with the United States. The new tariff must give many advantages to England as concerns woollens, cottons, linens, silks, gloves, and glass-ware, but on close examination it is not clear that it will largely curtail American trade with Canada. The United States export more goods to Canada than England does, but the gain over England is principally in respect to articles on the free list. Instead of the free list being cut down it is enlarged by the addition of corn for stock-feeding, binder twine, and fencing-wire, so that the United States, which last year sent into Canada goods of the free-list class of the value of $21,000,000, three times the value of those of the same class received in the Dominion from Great Britain, are, so far as the free list is concerned, in an even better position than they were under the old National Policy tariffs, which turned the cold front of protection alike to Great Britain and the rest of the world.

The new arrangement between Canada and Great Britain may result in some troublesome smuggling of the better class of British goods into the United States, but taking the free list and the dutiable list together, the bulk of the Canadian import trade is still likely to be with the United States. Last year, even of articles paying duty, the exports from the United States into Canada were valued at $29,000,000 as against $24,000,000 from Great Britain; and in comparing the articles imported from the two countries it is evident that the changes in the tariff cannot seriously depress American trade with Canada. Most of the items in the American list which overtop those in the English list are heavy goods—metals, minerals such as coal and oil, lumber, carriages and wagons, musical instruments, and other goods in which the proximity of the United States to Canada gives great advantage in the export trade over Great Britain.

The Fielding-Cartwright tariff, while it does make better terms all round for England, is one that cannot materially reduce American trade, and the Laurier government is to be congratulated on the fact that, while it has sought to put Canada into closer relations with England, it has, in spite of much popular pressure, and some provocation from Washington, not gone out of its way to retaliate against the United States. The Liberal government, as the mission recently sent to Washington shows, desires to act in accordance with the declaration of the Ottawa programme as concerns freer trade with both the United States and England, and in its new tariff it has closed no avenues so far as the United States are concerned. England is to have freer trade at once. The United States can share the same advantages whenever they are prepared to act in a neighborly way towards Canada. The Laurier government holds, as its members did when in Opposition, that the National Policy has failed—failed to build up industries able and willing to go on without substantial help from the government; failed to enable Canada to keep her native-born population; and failed to bring immigrants in any considerable numbers to the Dominion. The new tariff, with its lower duties for England and for any other country which will offer Canada favorable terms, with its substitution in many cases of ad valorem for specific duties, is a warning that the National Policy is to be abandoned; and with this warning there was in the speech of the Finance Minister, by which the new tariff was introduced, explicit notice to the protected manufacturers that the government holds that the manufacturers have absolutely no vested interest in the continuation of the protective policy which has been dominant in Canada for nearly thirty years.



GEORGE E. FOSTER,
Sir Charles Tupper's Colleague in the Leadership of the Opposition, House of Commons.



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL,
Leader of the Opposition in the Senate.

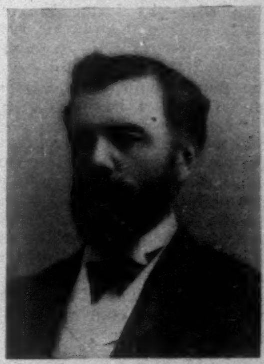
There is another measure before Parliament which, like the tariff, has an interest for the United States. It concerns alien contract labor, and is in retaliation for the United States law dealing with the same subject. This is a private member's bill, not introduced by the government; but the measure, on its introduction, was so generally supported on both sides of the House that the government has been compelled to give it its sanction, and will now be expected to help the bill through its various stages in the House and the Senate. It is the labor laws of 1885 and 1887, and the spirit in which they are administered at Suspension Bridge, at Buffalo, and at Detroit, which have stirred up the agitation for a retaliatory labor law in Canada. Even if there had been no Lodge-Corliss bill, there would have been some action in the present session of Parliament. For ten years the people of Ontario have been irritated by the way in which Messrs. De Barry, MacGlogan, and O'Brien, the United States labor law inspectors on the border, have interpreted the law against Canadian working-people, men and women, and they now insist that Canada shall retaliate with a law which will make it possible to treat American workmen in any part of the Dominion as Canadian workmen have been treated since 1885 when they have sought work in the bailiwicks of the Federal inspectors who have been named.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT,
Minister of Trade and Commerce.

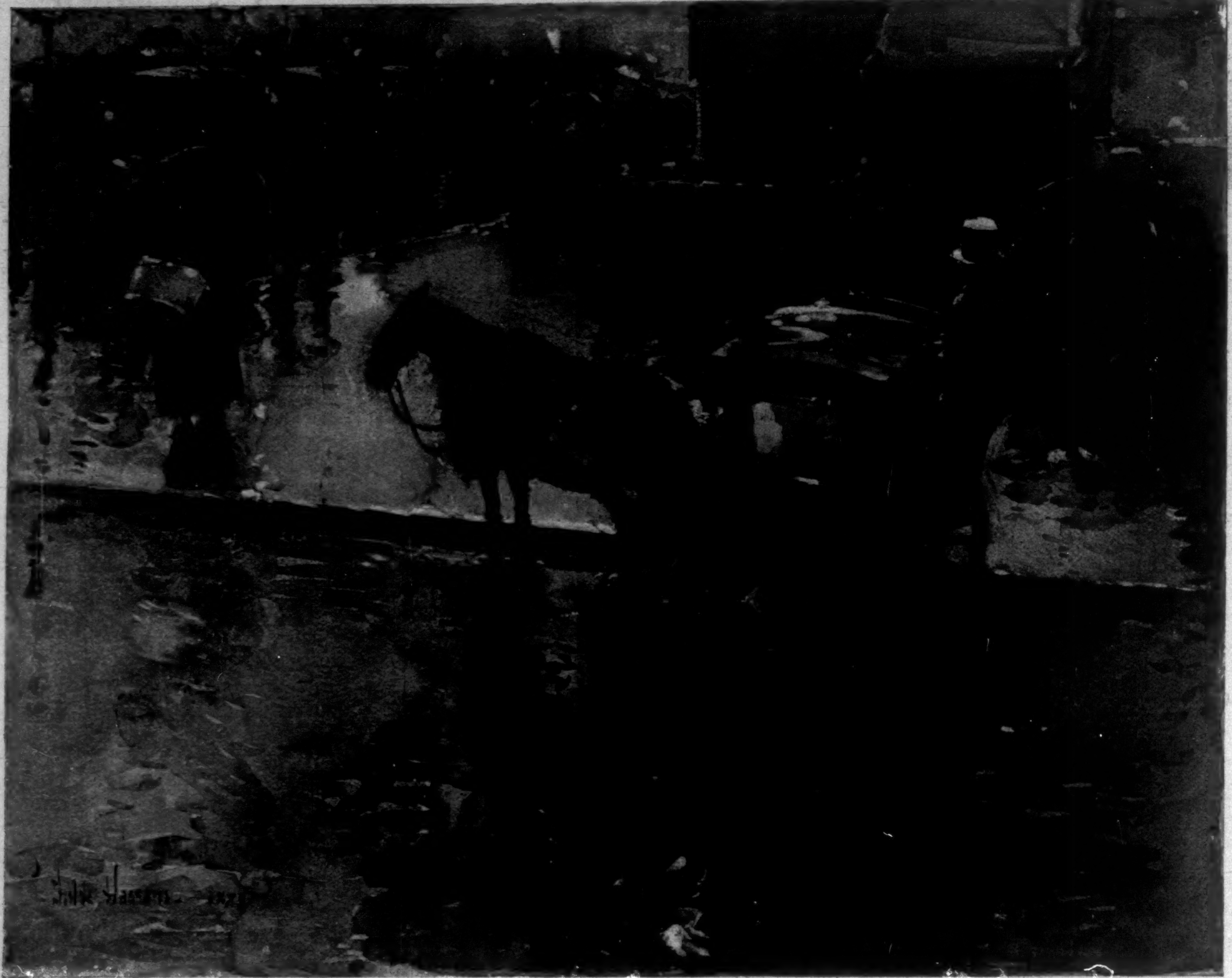
The position of political parties in the two Houses of Parliament is peculiar, and greatly resembles the situation in England when a Liberal government is in office. In the House of Commons the position of the Laurier government is now even better than it was after the general election last summer. Its candidates were successful in the by-elections from September to March last, with the result that Mr. Laurier's majority was increased to forty-two. The province of Quebec gives Mr. Laurier his control in the House; and in the Liberal cabinet Quebec has the Premiership and the Department of Public Works. The last-named cabinet position is held by Mr. J. I. Tarte, who, with Mr. Laurier, led the Liberals of the French province when they were in Opposition. Mr. W. S. Fielding, the Minister of Finance and the principal author of the new tariff, is of Nova Scotia. Sir Richard Cartwright, of Ontario, long the leader of the English-speaking Liberals when they were in Opposition, is Minister of Trade and Commerce. Mr. L. H. Davies, of New Brunswick, who was Sir Richard Cartwright's colleague in the late visit to Washington in the interest of reciprocal trade, is Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

The Conservatives in the House of Commons are in a demoralized condition. Sir Charles Tupper, who was Premier for a few months in 1896, and Mr. Foster, long Minister of Finance during the National-Policy era, are still in the House, and lead the Opposition. It cannot be said, however, that the Conservatives are happy in their leaders; and just now there is a want of young men who can do for them what Disraeli did for the English Tories in the sixties.

For the government all is plain sailing in the House of Commons. In the Senate, however, the situation is awkward in the extreme. The strength of Canadian conservatism is now in the Red Chamber. There, in the most obviously useless legislative chamber in the world, the Conservatives are overwhelmingly in the majority. Under the Constitution, the government is enabled to choose the Speaker; but the Conservatives are sixty-five to the Liberals sixteen in the Senate; and one of the developments awaited with the keenest interest in Canada is the action of these Conservative members of the Senate, who are there for life, in regard to the legislation of the Liberal government.



J. I. TARTE,
Minister of Public Works.



"AT NIGHT, WHEN THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS ARE BLAZING."

A PHILOSOPHER ON FIFTH AVENUE.

> Where million-footed Manhattan unpent descends to her pavements.
> —WALT WHITMAN.

IT has been my good fortune in life to know and to converse with three unconscious philosophers, from whom I have learned much.

One of my unconscious wise men is a conductor on a Fourth Avenue horse-car; another is a policeman (the tall, huge-fisted fellow who guides you through the cross-currents at Twenty-third Street); and the last and the truest is Murphy, the hansom-cab man (number eleven hundred and something), whose patrol is the full length of the Avenue.

Your castaway on a desert island, your hermit, or your bookman, with his well-filled inkstand and eager pen, may indulge in retrospection or wisdom, but true philosophy comes from experience; it is the knowledge born of watching the people of the earth, and the value of its possession lies in the use one puts it to in getting along in life. Thus my three friends are philosophers, and the scribe, the hermit, and the castaway are mere tyros and theorists compared to them.

Some one once observed that "he would rather walk than ride in a shabby coupé," and of a truth most people agree with him. Now Murphy once observed to me, along this same line of thought, something worth setting down.

"It's few women, sor," he said, "who looks at the horse or the trap; they looks at the driver. Give a man a clean shave, a good hat, and bright buttons, and he may drive a sprung-kneed old skate in a rope harness. A little shtoile on the back seat and a new whip takes their eye. Now wid gintlemen it's different; most of thim look at the horse first, and the driver and the cab last. Of course there's the person who only looks at the wheels—and if you haven't rubber tires, drive on; he don't want ye.

"Look prosperous and pleasant, sor; ye can do more wid a shmoile than yer kin wid a tale of poverty. By the powers! ye can make people feel at home in a cab the same way as ye can in a parlor. Make guests of thim. Adaptability is the word! Don't show the old lady with the bundle how fast ye can drive, or how near ye can come to taking the wheels off the express-van. Drive her careful and slow like, and win a reputation. Now there's shoppers, for instance; the secret of plazing them is shtopping in front of the store where they want to get out. Sure I've had women wait five minutes for me to drive them the length of me whip.

"And there's another thing—never grumble, sor; and the quicker you are with the change, the larger the tip. Ye can't play on people's sympathies from the little back seat."

Possible patrons are divided in Murphy's mind into two classes—people who want to get somewhere in the quickest time for the least money, and others who have nothing to do, and might ride in a hansom-cab if it were suggested to them. To the first, Murphy's "interrogating thumb" has an eager and a decided invitation; to the latter (the idle observer on a fine afternoon) it has a subtle suggestiveness—a "I know what you want—come along with me," manner about it, that is most fetching.

Now I would rather ride up and down the Avenue in a hansom-cab than spend the same amount of money in purchasing a ticket for the play, and, if possible, when I am in this mood, and my pocket-book allows me to indulge it, I seek out Murphy, and he can fathom my intentions by a mere glance at my manner of approach.

Murphy has ideas of his own about Fifth Avenue. "There's no street like it, sor," he observed to me upon one occasion. "It's a life and a world to its self, sor. Take the Bowery. I believe, sor, that a man might put on a night-gownd and wear an embroidered *chakoo*, and walk from Chatham Square to Houston Street widout getting so much as a head-turn to look at him. The people there mind their own business. But, ah, with the Avenue it's different! Appearances is everything. It's not what they do, it's what they have on their backs that counts. They're very critical; women watch for bonnets, and men watch the fit of other men's coats. It's display and pleasure."

Although I do not know so much about it as Murphy, I love to watch these things myself, and I feel a little more comfortable if I have on my best clothes. (And this though I claim to be a most independent person.)

The other day Murphy and I picked each other up and drove from the big white arch at Washington Square all the way up to the Park. And now I say this—that I never saw so many good-looking women, so many smart traps of all kinds, and so much to look at and think about in all my life. Murphy did not put on "shtoile" until we had passed to the north of Forty-second Street, and I had a chance to jot down many things, perhaps worth noticing, although seen a hundred times.

Here were a lot of workmen knocking the front out of a substantial-looking brownstone house. It appeared sadly ashamed of itself, and was only kept from collapsing entirely by wooden beams and strong jack-screws. A glimpse of the interior showed the handsome wall-paper hanging in tatters. The grasp of trade was on it; but I knew that, like a hundred others that had gone through this same metamorphosis, it would soon flaunt a gilded sign, and maybe display the wares of a fashionable plumber behind a plate-glass window.

A handsome old gentleman leaning on a stick stood across the way watching all this havoc. Perhaps he used to dine in there, or there had done his courting, or maybe he was merely curious—I don't know.

The people and the houses differed on each block. About Twelfth Street cheap furniture was displayed on the sidewalks. A little farther up a colony of piano manufacturers had settled about the corners, and above this Fashion began to assert herself—milliners and mantuamakers, tailors and drapers, handsome book-shops and photographers.

Above Twenty-third Street people carrying bundles were less frequent, and the critical spirit noticed by my friend Murphy began to be evident. There was a great deal of recognition going on and apparently much acquaintanceship existing between the people who met on the sidewalks or drove by one another in the carriages. One favored individual in a frock-coat took off his hat no less than five times in a block, for I counted it. Neat-looking coachmen and footmen with deaf and dumb expressions swept along, apparently condescending to take their masters and mistresses out for an airing; sometimes, I noticed, it was only a maid and a lapdog.

We passed by a swaying crowded 'bus, with a heavy list to port, like a foundering steamer. It made me think what a good-natured, long-suffering people we New-Yorkers are. Apparently it was filled with well-dressed women (a sensible man avoids this method of travelling, unless he is lame or a stranger). It stopped at a corner, and a milliner's apprentice with two big bundles squeezed her way inside. Apparently no objection was raised by the inmates, and I saw why Murphy called the old rattletrap the "dressmakers' express-wagon."

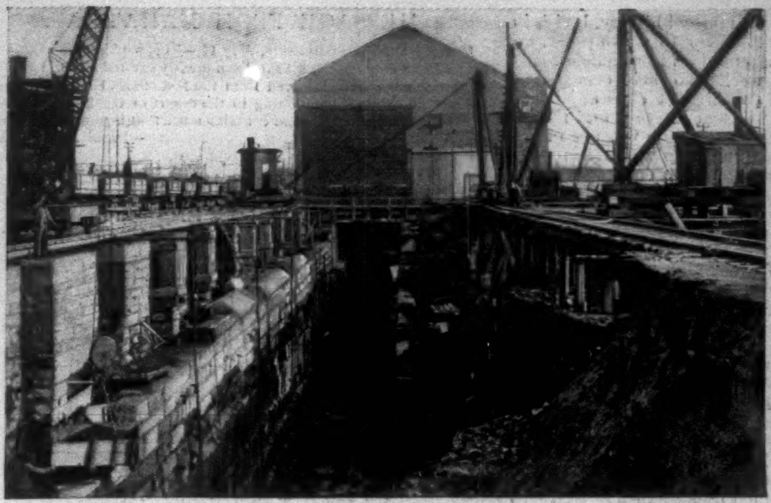
I certainly should not be ashamed to take any foreigner up the Avenue, for there are spots along it that can lay claim to the beauty that comes from the proper adaptation of architecture, and there are other corners that possess the dignity of old age and grass-plots and churches, but I fear me I should blush for the omnibuses.

The drive up the Avenue does not lack the surprising or the amusing. One of the strangest things you notice is the little wooden road-house with the great willow-tree in front of it. It is very much out of place, and so accustomed have people become to seeing it on the corner near Forty-fourth Street that possibly only one in ten has noticed how incongruous it appears.

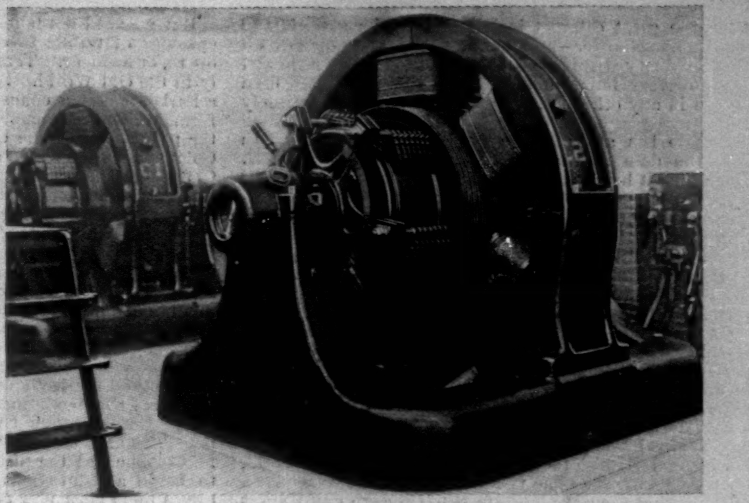
Wealth and prosperity stamp the upper reaches of the Avenue. Houses only equalled by the lesser palaces of Europe abound; but it is when one sweeps into the Plaza that there is experienced a real sense of pride. Bicyclists, well-dressed people afoot and ahorseback, and flashing equipages are everywhere; the tooting of a coach-horn sounds, and with a rumble a four-in-hand comes down the drive; bright colors, sunshine and open air, and green trees to the north. Out of a shadowed cañon made by two towering hostelries creeps a plebeian surface car and crawls across the Plaza. The white coat of a street-sweeper or the gray uniform of a "sparrow-cop" makes a note to be recorded as we enter under the shade in the Park—the most beautiful stretch of *rus in urbe* that I know of. On the occasion of this my latest drive with my philosopher he was sporting a brand-new cab, with rubber tires and red wheels. He knew I was enjoying myself, and he charged me fifty cents extra with a smile. I did not question him about it; it was truly reasonable; for if it were not for the number on the lamps my friends might have thought all this splendor was maintained at my private expense and purchased with my money. Murphy himself was distantly respectful, as if he thoroughly appreciated this, and he offered no explanation when I came to pay him.

At night, when the electric lights are blazing and the work-a-day horses have left the streets, the character of the Avenue changes not a little. People pleasure-bound are on the sidewalks, 'buses filled with theatre parties roll by; and by one o'clock it is silent and unpeopled, save maybe for the policemen on the corners, a belated club-man bound homewards, or a rattling four-wheeler night-hawk bound Lord knows where! But, as Murphy says, "It's a life and a world to its self," and no mistaking.

J. B.



THE WHEEL-PIT AT NIAGARA FALLS DURING CONSTRUCTION.



GIANT ROTARY TRANSFORMERS AT THE BUFFALO END OF THE LINE.

NIAGARA POWER AT BUFFALO.

BY FRANK LEROY BLANCHARD.

THE possibility of compelling the falls of Niagara to furnish the city of Buffalo with light, heat, and power was for years the cherished dream of many an engineer who gazed with awe upon the tumbling waters of the great cataract. That the dream would become a reality before the end of the century was regarded as utterly improbable. Such, however, has been the liberality of broad-minded capitalists and the perseverance of skilful engineers that even now a current of electricity, capable of developing 1000 horse-power, is leaping over the wires to the Queen City of the Lakes, and furnishing motion to hundreds of wheels along her busy thoroughfares. As the story of the harnessing of the tremendous energy of Niagara has already been told in these columns, it is only necessary for me at this time to tell how the electric current is brought over the twenty-six miles of wire to Buffalo, and what it is doing toward the inauguration of a new era in the commercial and industrial life of the city.

The Niagara Falls Power Company, to whose enterprise we are indebted for the establishment of the greatest water-power plant in the world, obtained from the city of Buffalo, on December 16, 1895, a franchise granting it the right to introduce Niagara power into the city and make use of the streets for its transmission and distribution. Under this franchise the company contracts to deliver a 10,000-horse-power current to consumers in the city on or before Dec. 31, 1897, and an additional 10,000 horse-power each subsequent year for five years, or 50,000 in all on June 1, 1901. The company was required to file a bond of $250,000 to carry out the provisions of the contract, and to pay the city two and one-half per cent. of its gross receipts for the thirty-six years covered by the franchise. Such was the confidence of the board of directors in the ultimate success of the project that they gladly accepted the terms of the franchise, and proceeded at once to carry out its provisions. It is gratifying to state that such was the enterprise displayed by the engineers and others in charge of the construction of the line between Niagara Falls and Buffalo that on November 15, 1896, six months before the time for the delivery of the first 10,000 electric horse-power had arrived, the company was able to send on 1000 horse-power as a sample of what it expected to do later on.

The difficulties presented in the construction of a line of wires capable of carrying a 10,000-horse-power current at a pressure of 10,000 volts twenty-six miles were many. Such a line had never been put up before. Hence the engineers were obliged to work on the problems presented, assisted only by the experience of those who had constructed shorter lines for the same purpose. The contract for constructing the line was awarded early in 1896, and was completed in time for the transmission of the 1000-horse-power current on November 15. The line is twenty-six miles long, and extends from the rear of the Niagara Falls Power Company's transformer-house at the falls to the power-house of the Buffalo Street Railway Company in Buffalo. There are 2100 poles in the line, ranging from 35 to 65 feet in height, from 15 to 30 inches in diameter at the base, and from 9 to 10 inches in diameter at the top, set about 75 feet apart. At the top of each pole are two crossbars of hard yellow pine twelve feet long and four by six inches thick. Each of the crossbars will eventually carry six wires, but at present only three have been strung on the top crossbar. The crossbars are supported underneath by angle iron braces weighing twenty pounds each. Below is a standard six-pin electric-light arm, bored for two pins, which carries a private metallic telephone line. At the extreme ends of the long crossbars are tall steel pins which will prevent the wires from falling in case an insulator or tie-wire should break. To them is fastened a wire which will serve as a lightning-conductor. When completed the entire line will have a capacity of 20,000 horse-power, and each pole will sustain a weight of 1200 pounds of copper. The insulators employed were specially designed for the company. They are of the triple-petticoated type, and are so designed as to present an unusually large surface and uniform strength. Along the lower edge of the outside petticoat runs a gutter designed to draw away water on each side of the cross-arm. These insulators have been tested to resist an electric current of 40,000 volts. The overhead conductors along which the mighty force travels are of bare stranded copper three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and are composed of nineteen No. 10 wires.

INTERIOR OF THE POWER-HOUSE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

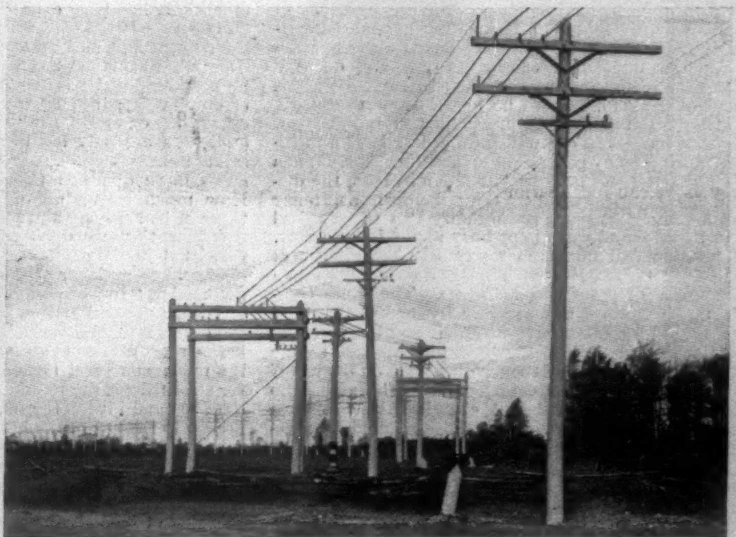
The transmission line, when within 4200 feet of its primary destination at the Buffalo Street Railway Company's power-house, changes from overhead poles to an underground conduit. The line descends from the last pole to a small brick terminal-house, inside of which connections are made with the underground cables, composed of a stranded copper core, 350,000 circular mils in diameter, covered with $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch of pure rubber, two windings of rubber tape, and a coating of lead. The cables terminate at the transformer-house in the rear of the Niagara Street power-house of the railway company. This building is 16×20 feet, and is one story high. At one end of the single room it contains is a marble switchboard similar to the one at Niagara Falls. The cables are carried to this switchboard. In the centre of the room are three transformers standing on an air-tight platform. The lines are carried from the switchboard to the transformers, and from them to the converters located on the floor of the power-house above, from which point the current is ready for distribution over the lines of the railway company.

The electric current undergoes several transformations before starting from the power-house at Niagara Falls on its trip to Buffalo. On leaving the big generator the three-phase alternating current of 2200 volts passes through cables to the transformer-house, where it is connected with two "step-up" transformers of 1250 horse-power each, which raise the current to 10,700 volts. From the transformers the current passes to a switchboard, from which it starts along the pole line towards its destination. On arriving at Buffalo the current passes through the "step-down" transformers, which steps it down from 10,700 volts to 370 volts. After these 370 volts of alternating current have passed through the rotary converters, it becomes 550 volts direct current, and is ready to be sent out over the electric-railway lines.

The responsibility of the Niagara Falls Power Company ceases when it delivers the electric current at Buffalo. The distribution of the power is in the hands of a sub-company known as the Cataract Power and Conduit Company.

The introduction of power from Niagara, which to-day is operating its leading street-railway lines, opens up almost limitless possibilities for the city of Buffalo. Already it stands sixth in the list of the great commercial cities of the world. What its position will be a few years hence,

THE TRANSMISSION LINE ALONG THE ERIE CANAL.



METHOD OF TURNING THE TRANSMISSION LINE AROUND CORNERS.

when the great cataract is delivering at its gates 50,000 electric horse-power—an amount sufficient to operate all the machinery within its borders, and to furnish light and heat to every building at a lower cost than has been known in any other municipality—no one can accurately predict.

Buffalo has at present a population of 365,000. In 1890, the date of the last census, it was only 255,647. Since then it has been forging ahead at the rate of 20,000 a year. Situated at the foot of Lake Erie, it is the distributing-point for the vast products of the fertile prairies, wide cattle-ranges, and rich mining districts of the West. Its shipping trade is enormous. Its annual tonnage is five times greater than that which passes through the Suez Canal. In 1895 there arrived at Buffalo 5019 vessels, with a tonnage of 4,793,338 tons. It is the largest flour depot and one of the largest grain markets in the world. The 51 grain-elevators of the city, having a capacity of 16,600,000 bushels, handled, in 1895, 163,755,128 bushels of grain. The flour receipts for the same year were 8,917,740 barrels.

Buffalo is the largest lumber market in the world, the receipts for 1895 reaching the enormous total of 632,051,476 feet. It is also the largest coal market in the world, the receipts for the same year being 7,516,586 tons. As a cattle market the city stands next to Chicago and Kansas City. In 1895 the receipts were 7,561,666 head.

Nothing in the growth of Buffalo seems more wonderful than its development as a manufacturing centre. Between 1880 and 1890 the increase in the number of factories established was 200 per cent. greater than that of any other city of the United States for the period. The flour-mills alone have a capacity of 1,500,000 barrels annually. Among other extensive industries, those of iron manufactures take the lead. There are in the city blast-furnaces, rolling-mills, engine and boiler works, pipe and stove foundries, hardware factories, brass-foundries, and other establishments for working the useful metals. There are also lumber, soap, and starch factories, car, carriage, and wagon shops, malting and brewing establishments, tanneries, furniture factories, etc.

The city is one of the most important railroad centres in the country. Twenty-six railroads, which pay one-tenth of all the taxes, enter the city. Within its limits are 700 miles of steam-railway track. Buffalo has 193 miles of asphalt-paved streets, a park containing 530 acres, 9 theatres, 26 banks, 56 public schools, and 180 churches.

Such, in brief, is an outline of the industrial and commercial lake city, which, with the aid of power from the Niagara Cataract, within a few years bids fair to become known as the "Electric City of the World." The chief factor in bringing about this end will be not the unlimited power that can be delivered in Buffalo from Niagara, but the low cost at which it can be supplied to consumers. If the price per horse-power only equalled the cost of steam, this in itself would not be a sufficient reason to induce manufacturers and other users of power to adopt the new force. Francis L. Stetson, in an address delivered by him at a banquet given in Buffalo January 12, in celebration of the introduction of Niagara energy in that city, stated that a continued and extensive use of the power would enable the company to supply those now using nearly 40,000 horse-power from steam-engines with the new force at a cost of about one-half the present cost of steam. Of course at the start the price could not be made as low as this, owing to the present limited capacity of the plant at the falls. The contract made with the Buffalo Street Railway Company for the first 1000 electric horse-power fixed the price at $36 for 24-hour horse-power per annum.

Cheap power, the cheapest in the world for a great city, means a rapid and extraordinary expansion of the manufacturing industries of Buffalo. Business men will be quick to take advantage of a location that will enable them to produce manufactured articles at a price that will give them the lead in the markets of the United States, if not in the world. With coal, iron, and lumber delivered at their very doors at rates but little removed from the cost of production, the manufacturers can defy competition.

The conditions, therefore, are favorable for making Buffalo the greatest industrial city of the country, and perhaps of the whole world, and in a large degree these conditions are due to the harnessing of Niagara, twenty miles away.

MUSIC AND MANNERS.

In that classic among American humorous books of travel, *Innocents Abroad*, Mark Twain speaks of being present, in 1868, in one of the most aristocratic of Italian opera-houses, when Erminia Frezzolini tried to sing for a public that once had adored her. On the occasion in question that same public, a Neapolitan one, amused itself by allowing the poor worn-out singer (in her prime a soprano whose impersonations in the operas of her day are historical in musical dictionaries) to come before it over and over again, only to be hissed from the stage, mute and trembling with helplessness and indignation. Such scenes have been common in the best Italian musical cities during many generations of artistic effort. When Boito's *Mefistofele* was produced at Milan in 1868, the distaste for that mystical work set the Milanese into a frenzy of wrath. A riot ensued; the military had to be called into the theatre, and were kept busy about it for hours. The famous defeat of Wagner and his *Tannhäuser* at Paris in 1861 turned the old Théâtre des Italiens into a pandemonium of spite and *mirlitons*. The same composer's tardy victory, now practically completed, over French prejudices was marked by that notable performance at the New Opera of *Lohengrin*, which stirred up the city to such an extent that the cavalry were on duty half the night, having various collisions with the mob, who howled "A bas, Wagner!" and cast brickbats at wandering Wagnerites. Musical chronicles abound in paragraphs concerning the boisterous refusals of audiences in England, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and all over cultivated Europe, when a musician's name has not been welcome, when a composition has been esteemed uninteresting or worse, a voice hoarse or broken, a singer personally out of local favor, a musical cabal suspected, an accent imperfect. And the auditor's right to be as unmannerly as he chose was solemnly, even despairingly, accepted as a proper pride and privilege.

But we need not take ancient musical history, lavish in episodes of public favor or disfavor to a composer, an opera, or a singer. Temperament and ideas change slowly in the Old World. Some weeks ago there occurred at a Paris concert, a concert of the highest class as to performance and patronage, an incident in point and not on the programme. The concert in question was one of M. Colonne's regular winter series, annually given in the roomy Châtelet Théâtre; corresponding to the concerts offered by our Philharmonics, the Symphony Society, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and so on. A large and fashionable audience was present. The splendid orchestra, under M. Colonne, had just ended an excerpt from Xavier Leroux's music for *The Persians* of Æschylus. Therewith did somebody in an upper gallery hiss instead of applauding.

A burst of hand-clapping returned and drowned the hissing. But it came again. Immediately a violent demonstration grew. The parquet and boxes took part, and the audience gradually rose to the occasion—literally. The original and noisiest spirit of discord upstairs was put out by one of the gendarmes. This only made affairs much worse, for, as Rosalind would say, there began new matter. The expulsion was taken as an insult to—the public! M. Colonne and the pianist Diémer came forward to try to begin a Saint-Saëns concerto. The excitement that hissed them back now continued because of a refusal "to recognize the public's right to hiss." M. Colonne tried to make a speech, and begged the malcontents to be quiet for the sake of "the lovers of music attending the concert to hear it." But the tumult increased. "The public shall not be expelled for hissing! . . . Every one has a right to hiss!" At last M. Colonne was informed that the person put out of the gallery had been "invited to return to his seat, and was doing so." Fifteen minutes had been lost. From the music desk he announced this honorable fact. The indignant hearts in the savage Parisian breast were appeased. The concert and the Saint-Saëns concerto proceeded.

Now this incident in a French musical entertainment—for we do not touch on the vast array of like affairs occurring in connection with the spoken drama and in the play-house for plays—offers an acceptable thought to audiences in New York city, or in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and in our cities in general. The suggestion is not new; but it is a compliment, and to praise ourselves over again is apt to be something we can excuse. The above amiable little demonstration occurred in the capital of a nation that is proverbially civilized, decorous, urbane—"the best-mannered city in the world." Paris is Paris. It is not Naples or Milan or any other Italian provincial capital, where demonstrations of approval or of disapproval are always likely of occurrence with a positiveness that is incomprehensible to us, and the course of things often requires the police. Fancy such a scene taking place in New York or Boston! Picture Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Seidl, Mr. Paur, striving in vain to placate an American concert public catcalling and hissing "on principle and privilege," as might an English pit hiss off a bad play! And, before that idea, fancy any representative American musical audience undertaking to hiss away a musical composer or an artist, unless the music were insufferable trash or the performer not merely incapable, but insultingly incapable! Figure a New York audience in a concert hissing and shouting because some one in it had been put out for hissing and shouting!

Even in local musical politics, which often have a tendency to well-defined personalities, the pitched battles of managers, artists, and factions are of a diplomatic and epistolary sort. The opera or concert of the evening does not become a reflection of unamiable sentiments toward an intriguing tenor, or a prima donna whose ill health is suspected of being shammed. The past official season of the Metropolitan Opera House in this city was one that stirred up ideas attaching with a good deal of ungracious pertinacity to this or that artist. The secrets of the operatic prison-house leaked out in unusually generous measure. There were cliques and cabals, intriguers and intrigues; and a liberal outside party followed the drift of affairs with keen intelligence, or with just the opposite. But there was no hissing from the stage any singer whose position toward art or an artist was to be criticised. The dulcet cavatinas of Gounod, the fervent periods of Wagner, were not checked by so much as one sibilation.

No, decidedly, we are better bred as well as cooler tempered than our good neighbors. The Astor Place Riot—an affair of merely theatrical partisanship—is long out of date. There never were such scenes at Palmo's, or in the Chambers Street Opera-House or at the Academy of Music. Our public is the most nicely critical one in the whole world. It is far more exacting artistically than a French or German or English or Italian or any other one, but vastly less swayed by personal or sentimental considerations in music. It has been ever and it is the most courteous, in all classes. It has been and is the kindliest, in all parts of the concert-hall and opera-house, to the artist before it. The unknown is not met with prejudiced ears and hostile racket. Mediocrity is dismissed with applause of courtesy or no plaudits; it is not treated like an unwelcome political speech or an offence to decorum. Indeed, American audiences are only too indulgent. We could save ourselves much poorish and worse musical art were our audiences more disposed to use time-honored "privileges." How much we endure unprotesting! We sit patiently through bad singing and playing, through dozens of compositions that we don't like. We tolerate the obvious falsehood in the excuse of the managers of a concert or opera when a singer who does not want to sing is announced as "ill"—unexpectedly. We do not hiss or catcall when musical artists, whose professional course toward others is disgracefully in question, appear on the stage before us. We do not send cabbages and cats in parabolas if a manager's good faith is not kept with us. Abroad, for such things, the public break the chairs up and smash the glass and invade the stage in wrath. Our nearest approach to the use of the hiss as a rebuke is only to the encore-fiends. We have need to borrow from Europe many things making for music's stability and popularity—such things as national or municipal support, the preferred use of our own language, and engagement of our own artists. But there is not an artist who comes to the United States from Europe who cannot speak with sincerity of the never-failing American courtesy to all composers, directors, singers, and players on our musical stage.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

MESSAGE FROM MAHATMAS.

Onset Bay, Massachusetts, *May 24*.—Theosophists and others at Onset Bay Camp Grounds have been greatly excited of late by a message which has been received from the Mahatmas, Koot Hoomi, and his partner, who are summering in the desert of Gobi. The message is of considerable length, and contains much that is purely personal.
—Daily Newspaper.

Sound the timbrel, beat the drum!
Word from the Mahatma's come.
Straight from Hoomi Koot & Co.
Comes the note to us below,
Full of joy and gossiping.
Hoomi Koot is summering
In the desert waste of Gobi,
In a cottage of adobe.
All the little Koots are well.
Tommy Koot has learned to spell.
Mrs. Koot is busy on
Papers on "The Great Anon,"
Which by special cable soon,
From her workshop in the moon,
Will be sent to us below
By grand Hoomi Koot & Co.

We are told that Maggie Koot
Looks well in her biking suit;
And her brand-new Astral Bike
Is the best they've seen this cike—
Cike is slang for cycle, so
I have learned from Koot & Co.
Soon she's going to take a run
Out from Gobi to the sun,
After which she thinks to race
For the Championship of Space,
And a trophy given by
The Grand High Pasupati.

Baby Koot has learned to walk,
And likewise, 'tis said, to talk;
But, to Mrs. Koot's dismay,
Seems to have a funny way:
Full of questions, "Why and How,"
All about the sacred cow.
Questions of a flippant ilk,
Like "Is Buddha made of milk?"
Questions void of answers spite
Of his parents' second sight.
What to do with Baby Koot
Worries all the whole cahoot.

Finally the message ends
With best love to all our friends.
Give our enemies a twist.
Let each true theoso-fist
Strike a thunder-hitting blow
For the firm of Koot & Co.;
Strike till black is every eye
Doubting our theosophy.
And impress on every tribe
Now's the season to subscribe.
Guard against the coming storm;
Keep our astral bodies warm.
Give us bonnets for the head;
Keep our spirit stomachs fed.
Let your glad remittance go
Out to Hoomi Koot & Co.,
Through their Agents on the earth,
Men and women full of worth;
And when next a message comes
From the Koots down to their chums,
Those who've paid their money down
Will receive a harp and crown.

Step up lively! now's the time
For your nickel and your dime,
To provide for winter suits
For the grand Mahatma Koots.
Furthermore, be not too brash,
Send it up in solid cash.
Astral money, it may be,
Circulates in theory;
But 'tis best to give us cold,
Bilious, drossy, filthy gold.

All our blessings to you go.
Yours, for health,
H. Koots & Co.

John Kendrick Bangs.

THE WINNING CREW.

There is nothing that I know of that Jack will get more wildly enthusiastic over than a match between the racing-crews of two rival ships. From the moment when the challenging boat tosses oars under the bows to the actual finish of the race that event is the all-engrossing subject of conversation fore and aft, and the racing-crew is the object of the most affectionate solicitude from skipper to Jack o' the dust. As the day fixed for the race approaches, the utmost interest is manifested in the health and welfare of the sturdy fellows who are to bring victory and triumph or honorable defeat and deep, if temporary, despondency to their shipmates, and at the evening practice the sides are lined with the crew, eagerly following with anxious eyes the manœuvres of their champions, and daily growing more confident that their boat can "lick the other fellow out of his boots"—a confidence that Jack, in his loyalty to his ship, will back up to the very last cent he possesses. The merits and weak points of this or that boat are discussed with ever-growing conviction that their boat and their crew are the best, providing the weather be favorable—as some craft will do better work in a lumpy sea, while to others blue skies and smooth waters give advantage—for Jack, in the warm generosity of his nature, is bound to have an excuse ready for his pets in case of failure. A man-o'-war cutter is a different sort of craft to pull four miles straightaway from a racing-shell, and the weather has to be of a very dirty kind to justify abandonment or postponement once the day and hour are fixed for the contest. I have seen more than one race rowed where wind and weather were such as to keep most small sailing-craft from venturing forth from shelter, and one where driving squalls shut out the contesting boats from view of the spectators on the ships until they were close up to the finish.

On the day of the race there is a sensation as of suppressed excitement all through the ship. The race-boat lies ready on the deck near its davits, its bottom pot-leaded, and every superfluous board or grating or anything else that may add to its weight removed, while the coxswain holds earnest consultation with the "first leftenant" and the officer who has been chosen to act as judge for the crew; and when the moment comes for the boat to be towed to the starting-point, and the crew tumble over the side to the waiting launch, there is a hum and movement among the men that nothing but long habits of discipline prevents from breaking out into a cheer. All work is suspended; the chief bo's'n's mate asks permission for the men to go aloft, and soon the tops, sides, turrets, davits, cranes—every point of vantage—are crowded with blue-jackets, marines, cooks, boys, and all hands clinging to places where a landsman could not find a foothold, in big blue clusters like swarms of gigantic bees. And now, away in the distance yonder over the yeasty waves, the puff of a steam-launch is seen, the black smoke from her funnel blowing off to leeward in a long ragged line like a horse's tail, while just ahead of her two spots, spray enveloped, now lost to view in the hollow of a wave, now jerking into sight again, show that the struggle has commenced. From the rival ship, dark to her trucks with the figures of her crew, a cheer comes across the water, answered by a roar of voices from her consort, for the nonce her antagonist; then a silence broken only by the scream and rush of the wind in the tops, the splashing and gurgling of the waves on the sides, and the booming crash of thunder as a squall rushes across the bay, shutting down and obscuring from view everything within a ship's length around. Then comes a long period of suspense. Squall after squall tears across the waves, now lifting a ragged cloud screen for a moment, now shutting down again, while the men on the ships relieve their pent-up feelings with sporadic cheers until a long yellow shaft of sunlight streams down through the clouds and the rain curtain drifts away. One glance is enough; there is a moment of silence, then such a storm of cheering breaks out as might almost startle the dead, and the men, half crazy with exultant excitement, yell and caper, throwing hats and caps overboard in their delight, while their defeated rivals clamber silently and slowly down from their lofty perches, as the winning crew, crossing the finishing-line, tosses oars two boat-lengths ahead. R. F. Zogbaum.

SUNDAY MORNING IN THE VIRGINIA PINES.

The old colored woman who handed me an envelope with "Bide by the Lilly Baptist Piscopal Christian Church" written across it couldn't tell me, she said, "zackly" what "bide" meant, only it was "'speckfully to 'quest 'sistance for de church."

"De 'Lilly' Church," she said, "war mile down de road, an' gen'leman been kind to 'scribe might stop when he git dar."

The "Lilly" Church proved to be a small shanty built of odds and ends from the wrecks of old buildings in the neighborhood. In the doorway stood the good old minister, Bible in hand.

A black broadcloth suit and white choker assisted him somewhat in looking conventionally solemn, but the black man's religion has more enthusiasm than solemnity about it, and all the gravity of the minister and his flock had a suspicious air of being a trifle histrionic.

At one side of the door a group, whom I took to be the trustees, were earnestly discussing some question—probably the church finances. Other members of the congregation were gathering in, some on foot, and others in carts drawn by undersized, scraggy-looking oxen or mules.

The Virginia darky is a happy creature. His brother in other parts of the country may suffer from ambition, discontent, desire to better himself, riches, or other evils, but here, whether he is "ketchin' oysters" in the James River, raising a few rows of goobers and a razor-back pig or two, or hauling "shadders" (pine needles), he and his dog are well pleased with the world and themselves. Having enjoyed himself over the ordinary affairs of life for six days, he proceeds on the seventh to enjoy his religion.

The morning service in a negro church is really a sort of concession to the surrounding white civilization. It is in the evening that the negro's own idea of religion manifests itself. When the interior of the little church is dark, with only a glimmer of light from a smoky kerosene-lamp on the pulpit, the weird imagination of the black man takes the place of the white man's doctrines and dogmas. Then the old spirit of the tropical forests invades the pines, breaks through the thin crust of white folks' manners, and the Virginia darky is once more an African. W. A. Rogers.

A MEMORIAL TO GILBERT STUART.

Every one knows that Gilbert Stuart painted Washington's portrait, but the information that he painted portraits of George III. and Louis XVI. has not been so successfully spread abroad. No mention of it is made in the article about him in Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography. No doubt, though, it is true, for the Paint and Clay Club of Boston has made note of it in the inscription on the bronze tablet which has been set up to his memory on Boston Common. The tale of this tablet is interesting. It seems that for seventy years Stuart's grave has been lost, but through the efforts of Mr. F. T. Robinson, a Boston art critic, it has lately been located as one of those in the old cemetery on Boston Common. To the iron fence enclosing that cemetery the bronze tablet by Hugh Cairns has been affixed bearing the inscription, "Gilbert Stuart, artist, 1755–1828. Painter of the Portraits of Washington, Louis XVI., and George III. This tablet placed by the Paint and Clay Club, 1897." Inasmuch as Stuart's fame in this country is due to his portraits of Washington and other eminent republicans, it seems of doubtful expediency to devote so much space on such a memorial to the enumeration of the kings whom he painted. For ten years or thereabouts before Stuart returned to America, in 1792, he was a successful painter in London, Dublin, and other capitals, and painted many portraits of noted persons. But he was not known as a court painter; his portraiture of royalty certainly added little to his renown in his native land.

THE SECOND SUMMER, many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.—[*Adv.*]

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

One drink—it's Abbott's, your friend. Twice, three times—Abbott's Original Angostura is your friend for all that is good.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American tonic, cannot be imitated.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF DRESSING TABLE AND THE BATH
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTE OR COUNTERFEIT

HIGH-GRADE **PHAETONS**
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

You don't have to pay fancy figures for our Carriages. Our large factory and immense output of similar vehicles enable us to offer the best at about what you would pay for the poor kind.

Don't fail to send for our Art Catalogue; it is interesting and convincing.

COLUMBUS PHAETON CO.,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

THE TRAINS OF THE
NORTHERN PACIFIC
are vestibuled—have Pullman sleeping-cars, both FIRST-CLASS and TOURIST, and, besides, carry
THROUGH DINING CARS
between ST. PAUL and PORTLAND. All delays in meals are avoided, and LUNCH is served on the A LA CARTE plan.

This line is known as the Wonderland Route.

Each year we issue a WONDERLAND book—new in every respect—each one different from its predecessors.

WONDERLAND '97 is now ready, and will be mailed to any address upon receipt of SIX CENTS. It is profusely illustrated.

CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agent,
St. Paul, Minn.

Elks Convention meets at Minneapolis, July 6. Cheap rates then in effect. Get the benefit of them.

The Standard of Excellence

The average woman cannot discriminate justly between sewing-machines, so far as mechanical construction is concerned; but she can wisely judge their work.

SINGER WORK
IS ALWAYS GOOD WORK.

This is why Singer Machines maintain their supremacy all over the world, making the Singer trade-mark a reliable standard of highest excellence.

THE SINGER MANF'G. CO. TRADE MARK

SINGER SEWING-MACHINES ARE MADE AND SOLD ONLY BY
THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
OFFICES IN EVERY CITY IN THE WORLD.

9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.
We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.

We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY.
A. R. Ledoux Pres't.

Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

506 F BALL POINTED
516 BALL-POINTED BANK
BALL-POINTED 521 F
Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT).

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, Ball-Pointed pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

$1.20 *per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for* 25 cts., *post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*

H. Bainbridge & Co., 99 William Street, New York.
J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Hooper, Lewis & Co., 8 Milk Street, Boston.
A. C. M'Clurg & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
Brown Bros., Lim., 68 King Street, Toronto.

The Princess of Wales
ORDERS
JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

Marlborough House, S. W.
Please send for the use of H. R. H., the Princess of Wales, six dozen of JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT as soon as possible. Kindly give two bottles to bearer for to-day's luncheon.
Yours faithfully,
JOHN GWILLIM, Cellarman
For H. R. H.

The genuine JOHANN Hoff's Malt Extract makes Flesh and Blood. One dozen bottles of the genuine JOHANN Hoff's Malt Extract will give more strength and contains more nutritive elements than one cask of ale or porter, without being intoxicating.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents, New York.

VIOLETTE DE LA REINE

Leading druggists and department stores now sell it, or send 12 cents in stamps for a small sample to

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., Wholesale Agents, 22-24 Washington Place, New York City.

when the great cataract is delivering at its gates 50,000 electric horse-power—an amount sufficient to operate all the machinery within its borders, and to furnish light and heat to every building at a lower cost than has been known in any other municipality—no one can accurately predict.

Buffalo has at present a population of 365,000. In 1890, the date of the last census, it was only 255,647. Since then it has been forging ahead at the rate of 20,000 a year. Situated at the foot of Lake Erie, it is the distributing-point for the vast products of the fertile prairies, wide cattle-ranges, and rich mining districts of the West. Its shipping trade is enormous. Its annual tonnage is five times greater than that which passes through the Suez Canal. In 1895 there arrived at Buffalo 5019 vessels, with a tonnage of 4,793,338 tons. It is the largest flour depot and one of the largest grain markets in the world. The 51 grain-elevators of the city, having a capacity of 16,600,000 bushels, handled, in 1895, 163,755,128 bushels of grain. The flour receipts for the same year were 8,917,740 barrels.

Buffalo is the largest lumber market in the world, the receipts for 1895 reaching the enormous total of 632,051,476 feet. It is also the largest coal market in the world, the receipts for the same year being 7,516,586 tons. As a cattle market the city stands next to Chicago and Kansas City. In 1895 the receipts were 7,561,666 head.

Nothing in the growth of Buffalo seems more wonderful than its development as a manufacturing centre. Between 1880 and 1890 the increase in the number of factories established was 200 per cent. greater than that of any other city of the United States for the period. The flour-mills alone have a capacity of 1,500,000 barrels annually. Among other extensive industries, those of iron manufactures take the lead. There are in the city blast-furnaces, rolling-mills, engine and boiler works, pipe and stove foundries, hardware factories, brass-foundries, and other establishments for working the useful metals. There are also lumber, soap, and starch factories, car, carriage, and wagon shops, malting and brewing establishments, tanneries, furniture factories, etc.

The city is one of the most important railroad centres in the country. Twenty-six railroads, which pay one-tenth of all the taxes, enter the city. Within its limits are 700 miles of steam-railway track. Buffalo has 193 miles of asphalt-paved streets, a park containing 530 acres, 9 theatres, 26 banks, 56 public schools, and 180 churches.

Such, in brief, is an outline of the industrial and commercial lake city, which, with the aid of power from the Niagara Cataract, within a few years bids fair to become known as the "Electric City of the World." The chief factor in bringing about this end will be not the unlimited power that can be delivered in Buffalo from Niagara, but the low cost at which it can be supplied to consumers. If the price per horse-power only equalled the cost of steam, this in itself would not be a sufficient reason to induce manufacturers and other users of power to adopt the new force. Francis L. Stetson, in an address delivered by him at a banquet given in Buffalo January 12, in celebration of the introduction of Niagara energy in that city, stated that a continued and extensive use of the power would enable the company to supply those now using nearly 40,000 horse-power from steam-engines with the new force at a cost of about one-half the present cost of steam. Of course at the start the price could not be made as low as this, owing to the present limited capacity of the plant at the falls. The contract made with the Buffalo Street Railway Company for the first 1000 electric horse-power fixed the price at $36 for 24-hour horse-power per annum.

Cheap power, the cheapest in the world for a great city, means a rapid and extraordinary expansion of the manufacturing industries of Buffalo. Business men will be quick to take advantage of a location that will enable them to produce manufactured articles at a price that will give them the lead in the markets of the United States, if not in the world. With coal, iron, and lumber delivered at their very doors at rates but little removed from the cost of production, the manufacturers can defy competition.

The conditions, therefore, are favorable for making Buffalo the greatest industrial city of the country, and perhaps of the whole world, and in a large degree these conditions are due to the harnessing of Niagara, twenty miles away.

MUSIC AND MANNERS.

In that classic among American humorous books of travel, *Innocents Abroad*, Mark Twain speaks of being present, in 1868, in one of the most aristocratic of Italian opera-houses, when Erminia Frezzolini tried to sing for a public that once had adored her. On the occasion in question that same public, a Neapolitan one, amused itself by allowing the poor worn-out singer (in her prime a soprano whose impersonations in the operas of her day are historical in musical dictionaries) to come before it over and over again, only to be hissed from the stage, mute and trembling with helplessness and indignation. Such scenes have been common in the best Italian musical cities during many generations of artistic effort. When Boito's *Mefistofele* was produced at Milan in 1868, the distaste for that mystical work set the Milanese into a frenzy of wrath. A riot ensued; the military had to be called into the theatre, and were kept busy about it for hours. The famous defeat of Wagner and his *Tannhäuser* at Paris in 1861 turned the old Théâtre des Italiens into a pandemonium of spite and *mirlitons*. The same composer's tardy victory, now practically completed, over French prejudices was marked by that notable performance at the New Opera of *Lohengrin*, which stirred up the city to such an extent that the cavalry were on duty half the night, having various collisions with the mob, who howled "À bas, Wagner!" and cast brickbats at wandering Wagnerites. Musical chronicles abound in paragraphs concerning the boisterous refusals of audiences in England, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and all over cultivated Europe, when a musician's name has not been welcome, when a composition has been esteemed uninteresting or worse, a voice hoarse or broken, a singer personally out of local favor, a musical cabal suspected, an accent imperfect. And the auditor's right to be as unmannerly as he chose was solemnly, even despairingly, accepted as a proper pride and privilege.

But we need not take ancient musical history, lavish in episodes of public favor or disfavor to a composer, an opera, or a singer. Temperament and ideas change slowly in the Old World. Some weeks ago there occurred at a Paris concert, a concert of the highest class as to performance and patronage, an incident in point and not on the programme. The concert in question was one of M. Colonne's regular winter series, annually given in the roomy Châtelet Théâtre; corresponding to the concerts offered by our Philharmonics, the Symphony Society, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and so on. A large and fashionable audience was present. The splendid orchestra, under M. Colonne, had just ended an excerpt from Xavier Leroux's music for *The Persians* of Æschylus. Therewith did somebody in an upper gallery hiss instead of applauding.

A burst of hand-clapping returned and drowned the hissing. But it came again. Immediately a violent demonstration grew. The parquet and boxes took part, and the audience gradually rose to the occasion—literally. The original and noisiest spirit of discord upstairs was put out by one of the gendarmes. This only made affairs much worse, for, as Rosalind would say, there began new matter. The expulsion was taken as an insult to—the public! M. Colonne and the pianist Diémer came forward to try to begin a Saint-Saëns concerto. The excitement that hissed them back now continued because of a refusal "to recognize the public's right to hiss." M. Colonne tried to make a speech, and begged the malcontents to be quiet for the sake of "the lovers of music attending the concert to hear it." But the tumult increased. "The public shall not be expelled for hissing! . . . Every one has a right to hiss!" At last M. Colonne was informed that the person put out of the gallery had been "invited to return to his seat, and was doing so." Fifteen minutes had been lost. From the music desk he announced this honorable fact. The indignant hearts in the savage Parisian breast were appeased. The concert and the Saint-Saëns concerto proceeded.

Now this incident in a French musical entertainment—for we do not touch on the vast array of like affairs occurring in connection with the spoken drama and in the play-house for plays—offers an acceptable thought to audiences in New York city, or in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and in our cities in general. The suggestion is not new; but it is a compliment, and to praise ourselves over again is apt to be something we can excuse. The above amiable little demonstration occurred in the capital of a nation that is proverbially civilized, decorous, urbane—"the best-mannered city in the world." Paris is Paris. It is not Naples or Milan or any other Italian provincial capital, where demonstrations of approval or of disapproval are always likely of occurrence with a positiveness that is incomprehensible to us, and the course of things often requires the police. Fancy such a scene taking place in New York or Boston! Picture Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Seidl, Mr. Paur, striving in vain to placate an American concert public catcalling and hissing "on principle and privilege," as might an English pit hiss off a bad play! And, before that idea, fancy any representative American musical audience undertaking to hiss away a musical composer or an artist, unless the music were insufferable trash or the performer not merely incapable, but insultingly incapable! Figure a New York audience in a concert hissing and shouting because some one in it had been put out for hissing and shouting!

Even in local musical politics, which often have a tendency to well-defined personalities, the pitched battles of managers, artists, and factions are of a diplomatic and epistolary sort. The opera or concert of the evening does not become a reflection of unamiable sentiments toward an intriguing tenor, or a prima donna whose ill health is suspected of being shammed. The past official season of the Metropolitan Opera House in this city was one that stirred up ideas attaching with a good deal of ungracious pertinacity to this or that artist. The secrets of the operatic prison-house leaked out in unusually generous measure. There were cliques and cabals, intriguers and intrigues; and a liberal outside party followed the drift of affairs with keen intelligence, or with just the opposite. But there was no hissing from the stage any singer whose position toward art or an artist was to be criticised. The dulcet cavatinas of Gounod, the fervent periods of Wagner, were not checked by so much as one sibilation.

No, decidedly, we are better bred as well as cooler tempered than our good neighbors. The Astor Place Riot—an affair of merely theatrical partisanship—is long out of date. There never were such scenes at Palmo's, or in the Chambers Street Opera-House or at the Academy of Music. Our public is the most nicely critical one in the whole world. It is far more exacting artistically than a French or German or English or Italian or any other one, but vastly less swayed by personal or sentimental considerations in music. It has been ever and it is the most courteous, in all classes. It has been and is the kindliest, in all parts of the concert-hall and opera-house, to the artist before it. The unknown is not met with prejudiced ears and hostile racket. Mediocrity is dismissed with applause of courtesy or no plaudits; it is not treated like an unwelcome political speech or an offence to decorum. Indeed, American audiences are only too indulgent. We could save ourselves much poorish and worse musical art were our audiences more disposed to use time-honored "privileges." How much we endure unprotesting! We sit patiently through bad singing and playing, through dozens of compositions that we don't like. We tolerate the obvious falsehood in the excuse of the managers of a concert or opera when a singer who does not want to sing is announced as "ill"—unexpectedly. We do not hiss or catcall when musical artists, whose professional course toward others is disgracefully in question, appear on the stage before us. We do not send cabbages and cats in parabolas if a manager's good faith is not kept with us. Abroad, for such things, the public break the chairs up and smash the glass and invade the stage in wrath. Our nearest approach to the use of the hiss as a rebuke is only to the encore-fiends. We have need to borrow from Europe many things making for music's stability and popularity—such things as national or municipal support, the preferred use of our own language, and engagement of our own artists. But there is not an artist who comes to the United States from Europe who cannot speak with sincerity of the never-failing American courtesy to all composers, directors, singers, and players on our musical stage.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

MESSAGE FROM MAHATMAS.

Onset Bay, Massachusetts, *May 24*.—Theosophists and others at Onset Bay Camp Grounds have been greatly excited of late by a message which has been received from the Mahatmas, Koot Hoomi, and his partner, who are summering in the desert of Gobi. The message is of considerable length, and contains much that is purely personal.

—Daily Newspaper.

Sound the timbrel, beat the drum!
Word from the Mahatma's come.
Straight from Hoomi Koot & Co.
Comes the note to us below,
Full of joy and gossiping.
Hoomi Koot is summering
In the desert waste of Gobi,
In a cottage of adobe.
All the little Koots are well.
Tommy Koot has learned to spell.
Mrs. Koot is busy on
Papers on "The Great Anon,"
Which by special cable soon,
From her workshop in the moon,
Will be sent to us below
By grand Hoomi Koot & Co.

We are told that Maggie Koot
Looks well in her biking suit;
And her brand-new Astral Bike
Is the best they've seen this cike—
Cike is slang for cycle, so
I have learned from Koot & Co.
Soon she's going to take a run
Out from Gobi to the sun,
After which she thinks to race
For the Championship of Space,
And a trophy given by
The Grand High Pasupati.

Baby Koot has learned to walk,
And likewise, 'tis said, to talk;
But, to Mrs. Koot's dismay,
Seems to have a funny way:
Full of questions, "Why and How,"
All about the sacred cow.
Questions of a flippant ilk,
Like "Is Buddha made of milk?"
Questions void of answers spite
Of his parents' second sight.
What to do with Baby Koot
Worries all the whole cahoot.

Finally the message ends
With best love to all our friends.
Give our enemies a twist.
Let each true theoso-fist
Strike a thunder-hitting blow
For the firm of Koot & Co.;
Strike till black is every eye
Doubting our theosophy.
And impress on every tribe
Now's the season to subscribe.
Guard against the coming storm;
Keep our astral bodies warm.
Give us bonnets for the head;
Keep our spirit stomachs fed.
Let your glad remittance go
Out to Hoomi Koot & Co.,
Through their Agents on the earth,
Men and women full of worth;
And when next a message comes
From the Koots down to their chums,
Those who've paid their money down
Will receive a harp and crown.

Step up lively! now's the time
For your nickel and your dime,
To provide for winter suits
For the grand Mahatma Koots.
Furthermore, be not too brash,
Send it up in solid cash.
Astral money, it may be,
Circulates in theory;
But 'tis best to give us cold,
Bilious, drossy, filthy gold.

All our blessings to you go.
Yours, for health,
H. Koots & Co.

John Kendrick Bangs.

THE WINNING CREW.

There is nothing that I know of that Jack will get more wildly enthusiastic over than a match between the racing-crews of two rival ships. From the moment when the challenging boat tosses oars under the bows to the actual finish of the race that event is the all-engrossing subject of conversation fore and aft, and the racing-crew is the object of the most affectionate solicitude from skipper to Jack o' the dust. As the day fixed for the race approaches, the utmost interest is manifested in the health and welfare of the sturdy fellows who are to bring victory and triumph or honorable defeat and deep, if temporary, despondency to their shipmates, and at the evening practice the sides are lined with the crew, eagerly following with anxious eyes the manœuvres of their champions, and daily growing more confident that their boat can "lick the other fellow out of his boots"—a confidence that Jack, in his loyalty to his ship, will back up to the very last cent he possesses. The merits and weak points of this or that boat are discussed with ever-growing conviction that their boat and their crew are the best, providing the weather be favorable—as some craft will do better work in a lumpy sea, while to others blue skies and smooth waters give advantage—for Jack, in the warm generosity of his nature, is bound to have an excuse ready for his pets in case of failure. A man-o'-war cutter is a different sort of craft to pull four miles straightaway from a racing-shell, and the weather has to be of a very dirty kind to justify abandonment or postponement once the day and hour are fixed for the contest. I have seen more than one race rowed where wind and weather were such as to keep most small sailing-craft from venturing forth from shelter, and one where driving squalls shut out the contesting boats from view of the spectators on the ships until they were close up to the finish.

On the day of the race there is a sensation as of suppressed excitement all through the ship. The race-boat lies ready on the deck near its davits, its bottom pot-leaded, and every superfluous board or grating or anything else that may add to its weight removed, while the coxswain holds earnest consultation with the "first leftenant" and the officer who has been chosen to act as judge for the crew; and when the moment comes for the boat to be towed to the starting-point, and the crew tumble over the side to the waiting launch, there is a hum and movement among the men that nothing but long habits of discipline prevents from breaking out into a cheer. All work is suspended; the chief bo's'n's mate asks permission for the men to go aloft, and soon the tops, sides, turrets, davits, cranes—every point of vantage—are crowded with blue-jackets, marines, cooks, boys, and all hands clinging to places where a landsman could not find a foothold, in big blue clusters like swarms of gigantic bees. And now, away in the distance yonder over the yeasty waves, the puff of a steam-launch is seen, the black smoke from her funnel blowing off to leeward in a long ragged line like a horse's tail, while just ahead of her two spots, spray enveloped, now lost to view in the hollow of a wave, now jerking into sight again, show that the struggle has commenced. From the rival ship, dark to her trucks with the figures of her crew, a cheer comes across the water, answered by a roar of voices from her consort, for the nonce her antagonist; then a silence broken only by the scream and rush of the wind in the tops, the splashing and gurgling of the waves on the sides, and the booming crash of thunder as a squall rushes across the bay, shutting down and obscuring from view everything within a ship's length around. Then comes a long period of suspense. Squall after squall tears across the waves, now lifting a ragged cloud screen for a moment, now shutting down again, while the men on the ships relieve their pent-up feelings with sporadic cheers until a long yellow shaft of sunlight streams down through the clouds and the rain curtain drifts away. One glance is enough; there is a moment of silence, then such a storm of cheering breaks out as might almost startle the dead, and the men, half crazy with exultant excitement, yell and caper, throwing hats and caps overboard in their delight, while their defeated rivals clamber silently and slowly down from their lofty perches, as the winning crew, crossing the finishing-line, tosses oars two boat-lengths ahead. R. F. Zogbaum.

SUNDAY MORNING IN THE VIRGINIA PINES.

The old colored woman who handed me an envelope with "Bide by the Lilly Baptist Piscopal Christian Church" written across it couldn't tell me, she said, "zackly" what "bide" meant, only it was "'speckfully to 'quest 'sistance for de church."

"De 'Lilly' Church," she said, "war mile down de road, an' gen'leman been kind to 'scribe might stop when he git dar."

The "Lilly" Church proved to be a small shanty built of odds and ends from the wrecks of old buildings in the neighborhood. In the doorway stood the good old minister, Bible in hand.

A black broadcloth suit and white choker assisted him somewhat in looking conventionally solemn, but the black man's religion has more enthusiasm than solemnity about it, and all the gravity of the minister and his flock had a suspicious air of being a trifle histrionic.

At one side of the door a group, whom I took to be the trustees, were earnestly discussing some question—probably the church finances. Other members of the congregation were gathering in, some on foot, and others in carts drawn by undersized, scraggy-looking oxen or mules.

The Virginia darky is a happy creature. His brother in other parts of the country may suffer from ambition, discontent, desire to better himself, riches, or other evils, but here, whether he is "ketchin' oysters" in the James River, raising a few rows of goobers and a razor-back pig or two, or hauling "shadders" (pine needles), he and his dog are well pleased with the world and themselves. Having enjoyed himself over the ordinary affairs of life for six days, he proceeds on the seventh to enjoy his religion.

The morning service in a negro church is really a sort of concession to the surrounding white civilization. It is in the evening that the negro's own idea of religion manifests itself. When the interior of the little church is dark, with only a glimmer of light from a smoky kerosene-lamp on the pulpit, the weird imagination of the black man takes the place of the white man's doctrines and dogmas. Then the old spirit of the tropical forests invades the pines, breaks through the thin crust of white folks' manners, and the Virginia darky is once more an African. W. A. Rogers.

A MEMORIAL TO GILBERT STUART.

Every one knows that Gilbert Stuart painted Washington's portrait, but the information that he painted portraits of George III. and Louis XVI. has not been so successfully spread abroad. No mention of it is made in the article about him in Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography. No doubt, though, it is true, for the Paint and Clay Club of Boston has made note of it in the inscription on the bronze tablet which has been set up to his memory on Boston Common. The tale of this tablet is interesting. It seems that for seventy years Stuart's grave has been lost, but through the efforts of Mr. F. T. Robinson, a Boston art critic, it has lately been located as one of those in the old cemetery on Boston Common. To the iron fence enclosing that cemetery the bronze tablet by Hugh Cairns has been affixed bearing the inscription, "Gilbert Stuart, artist, 1755–1828. Painter of the Portraits of Washington, Louis XVI., and George III. This tablet placed by the Paint and Clay Club, 1897." Inasmuch as Stuart's fame in this country is due to his portraits of Washington and other eminent republicans, it seems of doubtful expediency to devote so much space on such a memorial to the enumeration of the kings whom he painted. For ten years or thereabouts before Stuart returned to America, in 1792, he was a successful painter in London, Dublin, and other capitals, and painted many portraits of noted persons. But he was not known as a court painter; his portraiture of royalty certainly added little to his renown in his native land.

THE SECOND SUMMER,
many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.—[*Adv.*]

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

One drink—it's Abbott's, your friend. Twice, three times—Abbott's Original Angostura is your friend for all that is good.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American tonic, cannot be imitated.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF DRESSING TABLE AND THE BATH
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTE OR COUNTERFEIT

HIGH-GRADE **PHAETONS**
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

You don't have to pay fancy figures for our Carriages. Our large factory and immense output of similar vehicles enable us to offer the best at about what you would pay for the poor kind.

Don't fail to send for our Art Catalogue; it is interesting and convincing.

COLUMBUS PHAETON CO.,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS 25 CTS

THE TRAINS OF THE
NORTHERN PACIFIC
are vestibuled—have Pullman sleeping-cars, both FIRST-CLASS and TOURIST, and, besides, carry
THROUGH DINING CARS
between ST. PAUL and PORTLAND. All delays in meals are avoided, and LUNCH is served on the A LA CARTE plan.

This line is known as the Wonderland Route.

Each year we issue a WONDERLAND book—new in every respect—each one different from its predecessors.

WONDERLAND '97 is now ready, and will be mailed to any address upon receipt of SIX CENTS. It is profusely illustrated.

CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agent,
St. Paul, Minn.

Elks Convention meets at Minneapolis, July 6. Cheap rates then in effect.
Get the benefit of them.

The Standard of Excellence

THE SINGER MANFG. CO. TRADE MARK

The average woman cannot discriminate justly between sewing-machines, so far as mechanical construction is concerned; but she can wisely judge their work.

SINGER WORK
IS ALWAYS GOOD WORK.

This is why Singer Machines maintain their supremacy all over the world, making the Singer trade-mark a reliable standard of highest excellence.

SINGER SEWING-MACHINES ARE MADE AND SOLD ONLY BY
THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
OFFICES IN EVERY CITY IN THE WORLD.

9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.

We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.

We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
A. R. Ledoux, Prest.

Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT).

506 F BALL-POINTED
516 F BALL-POINTED BANK
BALL-POINTED 521 F

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, Ball-Pointed pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others
FOR EASY WRITING.

$1.20 *per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for* 25 cts., *post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*

H. Bainbridge & Co., 99 William Street, New York.
J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Hooper, Lewis & Co., 8 Milk Street, Boston.
A. C. M'Clurg & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
Brown Bros., Lim., 68 King Street, Toronto.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The Princess of Wales
ORDERS
JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

Marlborough House, S. W.
Please send for the use of H. R. H., the Princess of Wales, six dozen of JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT as soon as possible. Kindly give two bottles to bearer for to-day's luncheon.
Yours faithfully,
JOHN GWILLIM, Cellarman
For H. R. H.

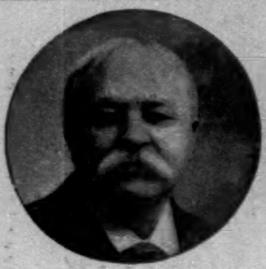
The genuine **JOHANN Hoff's Malt Extract** makes Flesh and Blood. One dozen bottles of the genuine **JOHANN Hoff's Malt Extract** will give more strength and contains more nutritive elements than one cask of ale or porter, without being intoxicating.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents, New York.

VIOLETTE DE LA REINE

Leading druggists and department stores now sell it, or send 12 cents in stamps for a small sample to

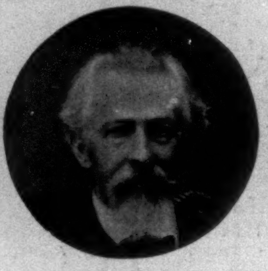
GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., Wholesale Agents, 22-24 Washington Place, New York City.



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
(New York),
writes on "Tolstoi."

ARCHDEACON FARRAR
(London),
on "The New Testament."

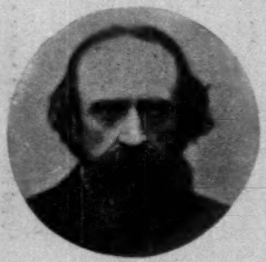
W. E. H. LECKY
(London),
on "Gibbon."



PROF. EDWARD DOWDEN
(Dublin),
on "Shakspere" and "Goethe."

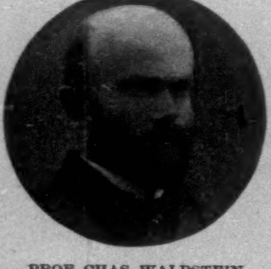
HON. ANDREW D. WHITE
(Ambassador to Germany),
on "Erasmus."

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE
(Paris),
on "Taine" and "Renan."



LESLIE STEPHEN
(London),
on "Carlyle" and "Fielding."

PAUL BOURGET
(Paris),
on "Flaubert."



PROF. CHAS. WALDSTEIN
(Cambridge, Eng.),
on "George Eliot."

PROF. E. RAY LANKESTER
(Oxford),
on "Darwin" and "Huxley."

JOHN BACH McMASTER
(University of Pennsylvania),
on "Macaulay."

An Extraordinary Success.

Probably no work since the phenomenally successful Memoirs of General Grant has had so large an advance sale as the new Library of the World's Best Literature, under the editorial direction of Charles Dudley Warner. Announcement of this monumental work was first made in these columns a little more than six months ago, together with a statement of the arrangement which had been made by the publishers with this journal whereby the new Library, while in course of publication, should be distributed exclusively through the HARPER'S WEEKLY CLUB, organized for this purpose.

It was the desire of the publishers of the Library to generally acquaint the public with the character of this remarkable work, and, in order to do this, to introduce the Library into a few of the more literary homes of the nation. They therefore set aside for this purpose the entire first edition, offering this as a special inducement to early purchasers. The clearness and beauty of outline, alike as regards the type and illustrations, obtainable from the new, fresh, and unworn plates make the first edition of any book that which book-lovers always desire, and especially is this true of so notable a publication as the new Library. Further, a special rate was made to subscribers through the Club, so that they might obtain the Library at about half the regular subscription price, and (as a concession to the character of the times) the privilege of very easy monthly payments was accorded, so that no one need be shut out from the possession of this imperial work.

The result has more than justified expectations. The astonishing number of letters of inquiry received by the Club evidences the deep and genuine interest which the Library has aroused; and so prompt has been the response to this exceedingly liberal offer that the entire first edition is, with the reservations made by several of the leading magazines for their subscribers, now practically exhausted. Only a few hundred sets remain.

It will be clear to our readers, therefore, that if they wish to obtain one of these fine, clear, first-edition sets, it is imperative they should make application for full particulars and terms at once. There is further reason for immediate action from the fact that, under the plan adopted by the Club, the price at which the Library is offered is being steadily advanced, month by month; so that those who subscribed last winter effected a very considerable saving over those who subscribe now. Similarly, further delay means a corresponding loss to those who now postpone their subscriptions.

The Charles Dudley Warner Library is a work of such really extraordinary value, representing as it does not merely the finest scholarship of this country, but the thought and literary culture and criticism of the most brilliant minds of two continents, that we have no hesitancy in not merely recommending it to our readers, but in urging them to become its possessors now. We believe that it will speedily come to be recognized, as the Boston "Globe" recently described it, as "the authorities of authorities"—the one great standard work upon the world's literature which exists in the English language, or, for that matter, in any tongue. Nothing indeed could more fittingly describe it than to say that it stands to literature as does the Encyclopædia Britannica to the arts and sciences—the highest achievement in this field.

The Harper's Weekly Club will, upon application, send a full programme and description of the Library and a handsome booklet, of unusual interest, entitled "From World-Famed Minds," which will give the reader a clearer idea than is possible here of the imposing array of famous men who have been engaged in this epochal work.

In justice to distant readers applications for the few first-edition sets which yet remain will be filed and filled according to their date and post-mark. Letters should be addressed to Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Ave., New York; and our readers should understand that in sending in their subscriptions now they run no risk whatever, since, so confident are the publishers that the Library will not merely meet but surpass expectations, they extend the unusual privilege of examination; and if the volumes are not in their way satisfactory, they may be returned within ten days and their subscriptions will be refunded.

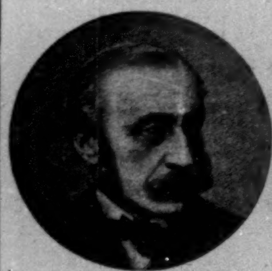
HENRY JAMES
(London),
on "Hawthorne."

FRANCISQUE SARCEY
(Paris),
on "Dumas *fils*."

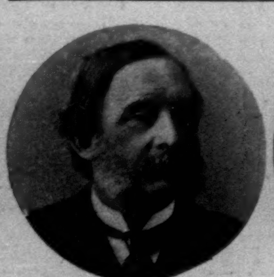
PRINCE SERGE WOLKONSKY
(Russia),
on "Russian Lyrics."

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD
(New York),
on "Burns."

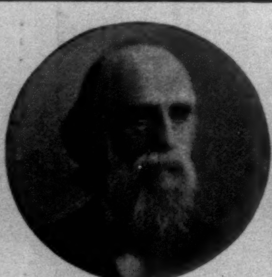
ANDREW LANG
(London),
on "Dumas" and "Scott."



CHARLES ELIOT NORTON
(Harvard),
on "Dante."

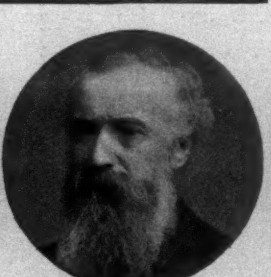


THOMAS W. HIGGINSON
(Cambridge, Mass.),
on "Epictetus."

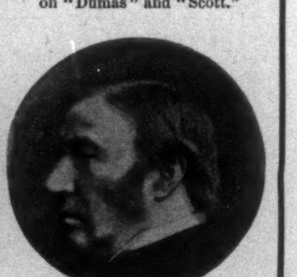


DR. LYMAN ABBOTT
(Brooklyn),
on "Henry Ward Beecher."

PROF. RICHARD T. ELY
(University of Wisconsin),
on "John Stuart Mill."



JOHN BURROUGHS
(West Park, N. Y.),
on "Whitman" and "Thoreau."



PROF. J. P. MAHAFFY
(Dublin),
on "Sophocles."

AMATEUR-SPORT

Owing to Decoration day falling upon one of our usual printing days, this Department went to press May 27.

There is yet hope of amateur sport in San Francisco. Mr. Humphrey has, we rejoice to hear, been prevailed upon to recall his resignation as delegate from the Pacific Coast Athletic Association to the Amateur Athletic Union, and will continue to combat the baneful influence exerted by the Olympic, the Acme, the San Francisco athletic clubs, and all that tribe of pestilential paper athletes with which the city of the Golden Gate is burdened.

I predict success for Mr. Humphrey and healthful sport.

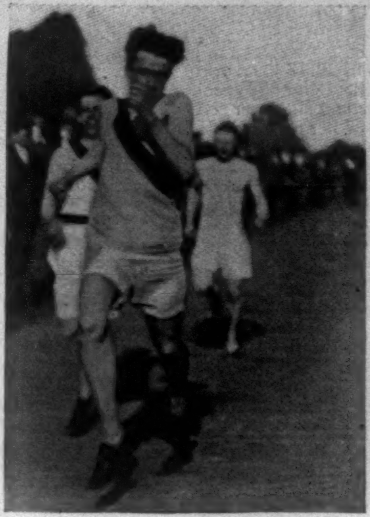
Within the year the Olympic A. C. and those other California organizations that profess amateurism and practise professionalism, together with the Sunday-racing bicyclists that have seceded from the League of American Wheelmen, will be reduced to athletic beggary.

Meantime the only appreciable effect of the secession movement in California, as elsewhere, appears to be a strengthening in their position of the clubs and organizations devoted to legitimate amateur sport.

Around Chicago and Minneapolis the commotion for Sunday bicycle-racing seems to have nearly subsided, and what little there is left of it stirs no one outside a certain class of "pot-hunters," of whom the amateur world is well rid. A race-promoter has been making an effort at New Orleans, Louisiana, to enliven the lagging interest in the Sunday-meet scheme and to introduce night racing by electric light, but nothing serious has thus far come of it, nor is likely to. In California the Sunday bicycle-racing advocate speeds on his pernicious way, but with inconsequential success. The better class of racers value their amateur status above "diamond pins" and other "high-priced" prizes, and continue unmoved by the allurements of Sunday race meets. Meanwhile the Pacific coast membership of the League of American Wheelmen continues to increase.

But the most encouraging promise of healthful sport is found in the vigorous action against impurity by the Pacific Coast Athletic Association at its annual meeting, held recently in the Reliance club-house at Oakland. Not only was Mr. Humphrey, the retiring president of the Association, fully sustained in his determined opposition to unwholesome amateur sport, but evidence provided, in the election of Messrs. Berry and Elliott to the presidency and vice-presidency, that Mr. Humphrey's policy will be unremittingly pursued. John Elliott I know to be a man unalterably opposed to all things unclean in amateur sport, and possessed of that rare quality—courage of one's convictions. Mr. Berry has had excellent example of worthy endeavor for wholesome sport furnished by the president of his own club, Mr. Fitzgerald; on the work and influence of these four men—Messrs. Humphrey, Elliott, Fitzgerald, and Berry—largely depends the healthfulness of the immediate future of amateur sport in California.

Mr. Humphrey has fought the good cause bravely, almost solely, and his success, in the face of powerful opposition, goes to show that clean, honest sport will win every time, even where its environment is so uncongenial as it is at San Francisco.



COLFELT WINNING PRINCETON-COLUMBIA 220-YARD DASH IN 22 SECONDS.

CREEGAN EASILY WINNING PRINCETON-COLUMBIA HALF-MILE IN 1 MINUTE 59 SECONDS.

The meeting, moreover, proved that the much-advertised influence of the Olympic Athletic Club, in heading a proposed "All-California Amateur Athletic Association," as rival to the Pacific coast branch of the Amateur Athletic Union, had been greatly overrated by the president and governors of that club, as well as by the California press; and also by those of its readers who did not recognize in the reportorial columns the hand of the president and his coadjutors.

The press despatches gave us the Olympic Club in the rôle of a Moses leading the California clubs into a haven of athletic contentment.

The A. A. U. Pacific Coast Association meeting on the 14th discovered the desirable members of the Association all present or accounted for. Those clubs "accounted for" were the Acme, suspended; Fresno, expelled; St. Mary's College, dropped; Olympic and San Francisco, resigned. And with such as these must the athletic Moses people the promised land!

The clubs remaining loyal to the A. A. U. are South End Rowing Club, Alameda Boating Club, Academic League, Reliance Club, Stockton Athletic Club, University of California, Manhattan Club, Ariel Rowing Club, Stanford University, Sacramento Athletic Club, Lurline Boating Club, Pioneer Boating Club, Dolphin Swimming Club, Olympic Boating Club, San Francisco and Oakland Young Men's Christian Associations—in other words, all the desirable clubs of California.

I have been considerably surprised that the universities, both California and Leland Stanford, have not given more practical support to the few men in the Pacific Coast Association who have maintained the brunt of the struggle for cleanliness. There should be more evidence of active, and not so much of passive, sympathy.

THE WISCONSIN 'VARSITY CREW WHICH RACED THE YALE 'VARSITY CREW, MAY 29, 1897.

So many important games, especially significant at this time of the season, occur while we are on the press, so much earlier than usual, that baseball comment this week will be somewhat incomplete in consequence. Nevertheless, there have been at least three games in the immediate week previous to this writing indicative of the future relative positions of the competing nines, and these were those in which Harvard, Univ. of Penn., Brown, Cornell, and Michigan have played. The Harvard-Univ. of Penn. game, which the former won, 6–2, probably as much as any other the team has played this season revealed Univ. of Penn.'s capabilities. It is in order, first of all, to correct a recent statement (made in the course of commenting on Univ. of Penn.'s victory over Georgetown) that Univ. of Penn. had twice before this season been defeated by Georgetown. They have met but the one time Univ. of Penn. won by a score of 7–6. Confusion with another team was responsible for the misstatement.

Univ. of Penn. showed in the Harvard game, and in the Brown game (lost, 5–9,) a few days later, that though there is some likely material, its development this year into first-class form is rather uncertain. In the box there is distinct weakness as compared with any of the leading college nines. Dickson, whose very peculiar delivery caused three Harvard men to strike out, can hardly be classed with the good pitchers of the year. Nor can Browne, who was in the box against Brown. Both Harvard and Brown batted very freely, the former getting seven and the latter eleven hits. In the out-field Univ. of Penn. is fairly good—although Gelbert will hardly equal in baseball his skill in football—but the in-field is weak and most uncertain. This is somewhat to be expected from all save Blakely. The team meets Cornell again on the 29th, but there appears to be slight hope of victory unless Cornell goes off her real form, which she seems to have approached in her last few games.

There is in this, however, no cause for Univ. of Penn. to become disheartened. Considering her material, she has made a very fair showing, and it is certainly more commendable to lose for a year or so while developing material than to win with a lot of "summer-nine" players, who reflect no credit on their university, how-

J. H. COLFELT (PRINCETON).
220 Yards, 22 s.
440 Yards, 50 3-5 s.

Captain W. H. Vincent.
Quarter-mile, 50 4-5 s.

W. W. Hoyt,
Pole Vault, 11 ft. 2 3-4 in.

Evan Hollister.
Quarter-mile, 50 1-5 s.
Half-mile, 1 m. 54 2-5 s.

W. G. Morse.
High Jump, 6 ft. 1 in.
Low Hurdles, 25 3-5 s.

HARVARD'S USUAL POINT-WINNERS.

J. CREEGAN (PRINCETON).
Half-mile, 1 m. 59 s.
Mile, 4 m. 25 s.

ever skilful they were at baseball. It provides a good object-lesson, too, on the fallacy of depending for success on returning stars. The university that does not look well to its substitutes is certain to experience a day of reckoning. Such a day came for Univ. of Penn. by the praiseworthy action of her Athletic Committee; she is now building up baseball on a substantial foundation, and her measure of success will come in good time. Neither is it to be inferred by this digression that Univ. of Penn. was the only offender in the old days of "summer-nine" toleration. It only happens that she had more of that class on her team than any other university save Brown University, and naturally is affected severely by the first wave of reform.

A DAY OF RECKONING IS COMING FOR BROWN, now the only institution pretending to athletic classification with the Eastern universities which persists in harboring the "summer-nine" player. The faculty suggested its approach the other day by expelling, for deficiency in studies, two of the nine's pitchers, and if the good work is now continued, and the "summer-nine" player forbidden representation on future teams, the college world will have more faith in Brown's protestations of virtue.

Three years ago I heard a Brown professor declare in public that Brown would raise the tone of her athletics to the level of those larger institutions with which she sought competition. There has indeed been improvement, but she has clung persistently to the "summer-nine" semi-professional long after he has been repudiated by all colleges concerned for the wholesomeness of their sport. We do not expect in the middle of a season the introduction of a retroactive measure, and sportsmen will be well satisfied if the Brown faculty promise this year to be the last of the "summer-nine" player.

When he is gone, and Brown attains that "level" of which the professor spoke so long ago, we shall be glad to give her teams equal recognition with those of the other colleges. Until that time we must regard them merely in the light of providing good practice for the amateur nines of the universities.

HARVARD IS NOT LIKELY TO WIN any games from either Princeton or Yale until Dean and Chandler, and especially the former, invest their work with life and a fair amount of accuracy. Baseball material must be mediocre indeed if a candidate cannot be found who will do better work at second base than Dean has been doing this season. It has been my policy never, except on repeated and flagrant offence, to criticise a captain during the season of play. Ordinarily he has trouble enough. We have been very patient with Dean's poor play, knowing him for a hard, conscientious worker, and believing he would return to normal form as the season progressed. Unless the Princeton game on the 29th reveals the return, we have waited in vain. If he cannot improve on his work against Princeton (in the first game) and against Univ. of Penn., Dean should, in the interest of Harvard baseball, give some one else a try at second.

As for Chandler, his errors are as little to be excused, and his performance at Philadelphia, of ignoring the runner within a few feet of second and throwing wild to first, not only let in one of Univ. of Penn.'s runs, but was, without exception, the most stupid play I think I ever saw made by a 'varsity player.

The trouble, it seems to me, lies in the surety of Dean and Chandler of their places. That was the trouble, too, with Stevenson's miserable work, until some other man was tried at third, and forthwith Stevenson braced up, and against Univ. of Penn. played the really high-class game of which he is capable. Harvard needs a good sound shaking up. There is a *dolce far niente* tendency that needs allopathic treatment of the oldest school.

Scannell's work behind the bat is not excelled by any other college catcher, and Paine would come near to being the best of the year if he did not vary his good work with so many wild pitches and bases on balls. It is well for him, and for Harvard too, that he has so reliable a back stop. No fault can be found with Harvard's out-field—Rand, Beale, and Burgess; they and Haughton and Paine do most of the batting for the nine.

YALE HAS BEEN FULFILLING the promise of the early season, and the first Princeton game next Saturday at New Haven will be beautifully contested. Princeton has a nine composed largely of veterans, a very heavy batting team, and perhaps the strongest all-round nine Princeton has had in four years. Yale's nine has been practically made this season, only three being veterans. None the less, Yale has played two very strong games against Brown, winning both, and is certain to make Princeton play up to her very top form. Unless Smith grows too previous in attempts at double plays, or the team drops into that confidence which always results in listless play (and largely contributed towards Harvard's three runs at Princeton), Princeton ought to win the Yale series; but Yale's success in the first game is not at all unlikely.

GREENWAY PITCHED A STRONG GAME against Brown, unaffected by the rooting of the bleacheries, which began in the fourth inning, when Brown led by three runs, and continued to the end. In the seventh inning Yale made the score five all, and in the eighth the winning run. Brown made two runs in the third and three in the fourth; Yale made two in the second, one in the fifth, two in the seventh, and one in the eighth.

Yale won by out-batting, out-pitching, and by making fewer errors. She fairly out-played Brown on her home grounds, duplicating the good work that gave her the first of this season's victories over the same team at New Haven.

Considering that Brown, with two exceptions, had her veteran nine of last year, which (without meeting Princeton) claimed the college championship of the country, and that Yale had but two of her last year's nine, the double victory of Yale over Brown becomes the more notable, and serves to illustrate what the home-made article of baseball, inspired by genuine university spirit, will accomplish.

CORNELL DEFEATED UNIV. OF PENN. in the game at Ithaca (6–2), but made so many errors that little occasion for real satisfaction remained beyond what mere victory over a rival furnished. A similar exhibition of error-making would be more than likely to lose the next game, which really ought to be a second Pennsylvania conquest for Cornell. Generally speaking, Cornell has played good ball before and since her return home from the first trip, but much of her excellent work has been spoiled by the error-making at short and second and third bases. Against a first-class nine like Princeton this is disastrous, and Cornell's chance for making a strong showing this season is apt to be defeated by weakness in two very important places in her in-field. Haskell's sore finger may account for his errors, as naturally he is a fast, sure fielder. Murtaugh, at first, is a very slow fielder. Young is making a reputation behind the bat equal to that he gained last year in the box, and Bole is an exceedingly promising Freshman. The out-field, since Stratton replaced Bassford, is strong. Beacham's home-run was the feature of the Ithaca-Univ. of Penn. game.

The second Princeton-Cornell game was so easy for Princeton (15–4) that careless play resulted, and the winning team made quite as many errors as the losing one.

Cornell's game with Michigan (won by the former, 14–2) was too one-sided to be entertaining, but provided a not uninteresting comparison between Eastern and Western university baseball.

The Michigan nine this year occupies about the same relative position in the middle West as the Cornell team does here.

THE QUALITY OF BASEBALL generally in the middle West is not so good as last year or the year before, but the amateur status of a majority of the nines is for the first time above criticism. This is especially true of Michigan. It will take a couple of years for these universities to develop fresh baseball material, but meantime they are building on a solid foundation.

The matter of winning games is of no consequence compared with the satisfaction of knowing that the men are all amateurs. This is a most praiseworthy state of affairs, brought about within two years, from a very low order of sporting ethics, and the more credit is due the middle-Western colleges for their swift recognition of the desirability of wholesome sport. Within six months rules have been put in force in this Western section—and lived up to, so far as I know—which raise the Western standard nearly up to the Eastern. With the single exception of the "summer nine" toleration, and the rule permitting six years of play to the man attaining a degree, there is little to criticise in the methods which now obtain at these universities. Those who remember the situation two years ago must marvel at the reformation. It is yet another victory for wholesome sport, which must invariably win in the end. Sportsmen will join me in sincere congratulations to the faculties of the universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Chicago, Illinois, and those others that have labored to bring about the present healthful state of athletic affairs.

OF THE SMALLER COLLEGE TEAMS, Wesleyan, Dartmouth, and Lafayette seem to be playing the best ball, although their games have shown too many errors to be first class. Lafayette ought to be the strongest, but her error column is the longest of the three. Five errors against Fordham cost her a game, 4–8, she should have won despite Fordham's free batting. Dartmouth has been beaten by Brown, 11–6; by Amherst, 10–8—a result influenced by her seven errors; tied Wesleyan, 4–4; and defeated Univ. of Vermont twice, and Holy Cross and Amherst, 16–8. Lafayette has beaten Wesleyan, 11–7. Wesleyan does some splendid work, but has frequently spoiled her chances by repeated errors that would be a discredit to a prep. school team. She has a strong battery in Townsend and Yaw. Her record shows a victory over Yale, 4–3; Williams, 9–6; N. Y. University, 10–4; but she had recently a 11–6 beating by Williams, in one of the hardest batting games of the smaller-college season.

IN CONNECTION WITH SMALL-COLLEGE BASEBALL, it is pleasing to record and commend the earnest efforts making by the University of Vermont Athletic Association officers to loose from semi-professionalism their baseball and other athletics. Genuinely amateur baseball has always been something of a novelty about Burlington, and the occasional attempts at reform have failed because professional tendencies were too deeply seated, and because the reformers were but half-hearted in their attacks upon both offenders and principles. Now, however, for the first time, the assault upon vicious practices that have long obtained in so-called amateur baseball promises success. Evidently the faculty of the Vermont University at last realize the disgrace which has attached to their institution because of the dishonest methods permitted in the university's athletics. It is a tardy awakening, but better late than never, and we promise Vermont our best assistance in the good work.

Of the by-laws recently adopted for the purpose of purifying the athletic atmosphere, Nos. 2, 3, and 5 are worthy of reproduction, as showing the determination of the reformers.

> 2. No candidate for or member of any team shall receive, on account of athletic services rendered, any compensation whatever—either in money, board, room-rent, or tuition; provided that this rule be not interpreted as preventing the Association from bearing the extra expense of a training-table, or as having reference to the system of scholarships now in vogue in the university.
>
> 3. No student who has played upon the college team of this or any other college for five years shall be eligible to any team in this university.
>
> 5. The captain of each team shall be held responsible for the conduct of his men on the field; and the manager of the team, with the aid of the captain, shall be held responsible for their conduct when not on the field.

There seems yet to be here a loop-hole through scholarships for the enrolment of exceptional athletes, nor is there any provision for the black-listing of the "summer-nine" player. But we cannot expect complete reform so suddenly. Sportsmen are thankful for the beginning, and so will be the Vermont University faculty, once they have experienced the satisfaction of being represented by honest amateur teams.

THE EXCELLENT WORK in the Princeton-Columbia track-athletic games showed how very beneficial these dual meets have been to both universities. Princeton won by an overwhelming majority (71 to 33), which is not because Columbia has not improved over last year's form, but because Princeton has developed what she had the faster, and acquired some star material from Union College. With the exception of the mile run, walk, and hammer, the performances were all exceedingly good, and the 220-yard dash was notable. Dual records were broken in the quarter, half, and mile runs, in both jumps, the pole vault, and the shot.

PRINCETON-COLUMBIA DUAL TRACK-ATHLETIC MEET, MAY 22, 1897, AT WILLIAMS BRIDGE.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 2 points; 3d place, 1 point.	Princeton.	Columbia.	Winner.	Performance.
100-yard dash	6	2	F. W. Jarvis	10 1-5 sec.
220-yard dash	7	1	J. H. Colfelt	*22 “
440-yard run	6	2	J. H. Colfelt	*50 3-5 “
880-yard run	7	1	J. Creegan	*1 m. 59 “
One-mile run	7	1	J. Creegan	*4 “ 40 “
One-mile walk		8	J. S. L. Josephthal	8 “ 12 3-5 “
120-yard hurdles	5	3	H. Wheeler	*16 1-5 “
220-yard hurdles	2	6	H. B. Reynolds	*25 4-5 “
Pole vault	3	5	O. B. Smith	*11 ft. 1 in.
16-lb. shot put	6	2	R. Garrett	*40 “ 6 1-2 “
16-lb. hammer throw	8		H. C. Potter	111 “ 7 1-2 “
Running high jump	8		W. C. Carroll	*6 “ 1-2 “
Running broad jump	6	2	R. Garrett	*21 “ 9 1-2 “
Total	71	33		* Dual record.

IN THE UNIV. OF PENN.-CORNELL dual meet, Univ. of Penn. won by 97 to 29 instead of 88 to 29, as given last week. In '95 Univ. of Penn. won by 95 to 31, and in '96 by 73 to 53.

The sweeping victory of Univ. of Penn. was due to the remarkable development of her material this year. Cornell has improved over last year too, but to a comparatively inconsiderable extent.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA-CORNELL DUAL TRACK-ATHLETIC MEET, MAY 15, 1897, AT PHILADELPHIA.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 3 points; 3d place, 1 point.	Univ. of Penn.	Cornell.	Winner.	Performance.
100-yard dash	6	3	R. D. Hoffman	10 2-5 sec.
220-yard dash	6	3	R. D. Hoffman	23 1-5 “
440-yard run	5	4	W. P. Hilliary	51 4-5 “
880-yard run	8	1	A. Grant	2 m. 1 1-5 “
One-mile run	8	1	G. W. Orton	4 “ 34 “
One-mile walk	6	3	W. B. Fetterman	6 “ 47 “
120-yard hurdles	6	3	J. M. McKibben	16 3-5 “
220-yard hurdles	9		M. V. Bastian	26 3-5 “
Running high jump	5	4	J. D. Winsor, Jr.	6 ft.
Running broad jump	5	4	J. P. Remington	22 “ 7 in.
16-lb. shot put	9		J. E. McCracken	39 “ 7 1-2 “
16-lb. hammer throw	9		W. G. Woodruff	127 “ 6 “
Pole vault	6	3	W. A. Stewart	10 “ 3 “
One-mile bicycle	9		H. C. Coates	2 m. 15 4-5 sec.
Total	97	29		

For some reason known only to themselves, these two universities score three instead of two points for second place—the inter-collegiate standard, and that used by Harvard and Yale.

AMONG THE SMALLER COLLEGES, the New England Inter-collegiate Athletic Association held its eleventh annual games May 22, at Worcester (Massachusetts), with the following result: Dartmouth, 29 points; Brown, 26; Bowdoin, 19; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 11½; Wesleyan, 11; Amherst, 9; Williams, 7; Trinity, 5½; Tufts, 5; Worcester P. I., 3. There were no especially notable performances, the best being Wilder's (Dartmouth) pole vault of 11 ft.

Williams had the week before defeated Syracuse in a dual meeting, 65–47. This is Dartmouth's third successive win of the championship.

The management of the games was inefficient.

THE WESTERN INTER-COLLEGIATE track-athletic championships will be held at Chicago June 5, and probably greatest interest centres in the meeting of Maybury (Wisconsin) and Rush (Grinnell) in the 100 yards, and of Rush and Fox (Wisconsin) in the quarter. Rush is an exceptional sprinter. Last year he won the quarter handily in 50⅘ s. on a track by no means fast, and, in addition, finished second to Maybury in the 100 and 220, won in 10 s. and 22⅖ s. respectively. Recently he is reported to have done 9⅘ s. for the 100 yards, and though some allowance must be made for inexperienced timing, the fact remains that he is running fast. Maybury also has been doing some very speedy work this year. At his college games he did the 100 yards in 9⅘ s. and the 120 in 11⅘ s., against a gentle wind—certainly a remarkable performance.

Fox is a new man at Wisconsin, but did 50⅕ s. for the quarter two weeks ago, and is said to be good for 50 s. if his heart prove equal to his speed.

THIS WILL BE THE THIRD YEAR of the championship meeting, and although Wisconsin seems certain of again winning first honors, the struggle for second place will be more exciting and the result more uncertain than on any previous occasion.

Interest in track athletics has increased so generally that the colleges will be represented by larger teams and the performances average much higher. Several records are likely to be lowered—among them the high and low hurdles, high jump, and perhaps the quarter.

Wisconsin's team is unusually strong, with Maybury good for 10 s. and 22⅕ s. for the 100 and 220 yards; Fox 50⅕ s. and Downer 51 s. in quarter; Kraentzlein 25⅘ s. for low hurdles; Richards 16 s. for high hurdles; Cochems 41 ft. 5 in. shot and 113 ft. 6 in. hammer; Waller 5 ft. 11 in. high jump; and Copeland, who two years ago won the half-mile in 1 m. 59⅗ s.

Michigan is sending a team for the first time in two years, and while it has no especial stars, it will be a good all-round team, strong on seconds and thirds. Of these Thomas has done 10⅕ s. in the 100 yards, and 22⅗ s. in the 220 yards. Heald 53 s. in the 440, McLean 16⅗ s. in the high and 26 s. in the low hurdles, and Wilkinson 22 ft. 11 in. in the broad jump.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE OUANANICHE AND ITS CANADIAN ENVIRONMENT."—By E. T. D. Chambers.—Illustrated.—Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00.

THE DAYTON

COMMANDS ADMIRATION AND PROCLAIMS ITS HIGH ESTATE

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

MANUFACTURED BY

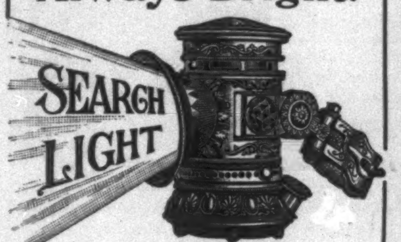
DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO.

DAYTON OHIO
64 WABASH AV. CHICAGO.

BRANCHES:

The Dayton Bicycle Co., 76 Read St., New York.
The Congdon & Carpenter Co., 159 Tremont St., Boston and Providence, R. I.
Davis V. S. F. M. Co., 24 Aldersgate Street, London, England.

"Search-Light" Always Bright.



The Leader!

A lantern that does not jar or blow out.
Reflecting surfaces are always bright.
All riders say it is—THE BEST.

For Sale Everywhere.

Bridgeport Brass Co.

Send for Catalog No. 199
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

RIGHT PRICE. **$50** RELIABLE QUALITY.

Crawford Bicycles

The proper price for a bicycle is the Crawford price. You know you have reliable quality when you buy the Crawford. Agents wanted.

Catalogues Free.

THE CRAWFORD MFG. CO.,
HAGERSTOWN, MD.

EARN A BICYCLE

600 Second Hand Wheels. *All Makes.* GOOD AS NEW. $5 to $15. New High Grade '96 models, fully guaranteed, $17 to $25. *Special Clearing Sale.* Ship anywhere on approval.

☞ We will give a responsible agent in each town FREE USE of sample wheel to introduce them. Our reputation is well known throughout the country.

Write at once for our special offer.

O. G. MEAD CYCLE CO., Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HEUBLEIN'S
CLUB PUNCH
G. F. Heublein & Bro.

HEUBLEIN'S CLUB PUNCH

A SCIENTIFICALLY COMPOUNDED ARTICLE, MADE ONLY OF THE VERY CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND READY TO SERVE IN A MINUTES NOTICE; JUST THE THING FOR AN AFTERNOON-TEA, EVENING-PARTY, YACHT OR PICNIC. IT MAKES ENTERTAINING EASY.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

PREPARED AND GUARANTEED BY

G. F. Heublein & Bro.

HARTFORD, NEW YORK, LONDON.

"In the elder days of Art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the Gods see everywhere."
LONGFELLOW.

That's the way VICTOR BICYCLES are built to-day.

You can pull them to pieces and you will find that every hidden part is "wrought with greatest care."

Victor nickel and enamel cover nothing that we are ashamed to have the public see.

This means extra expense—thousands of dollars of it. It means the maintenance of a large corps of experts who are paid to do nothing but inspect every minute part of the bicycle as it is turned out.

It means that the different parts of each VICTOR BICYCLE must pass more than 2300 gauge inspections before the machine is assembled.

It means that we are giving you the very best possible value for your money when you pay $100 for a VICTOR.

Don't expose yourself to the countless risks of a tin-shop bicycle.

IF YOU WILL RIDE A VICTOR YOU WILL KNOW WHY THEY COST $100.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO DETROIT
DENVER SAN FRANCISCO PORTLAND, ORE.

Easy Pushing

Use Dixon's Graphitoleo. Makes up-grade seem like level, and level almost like down-hill. It adds to the delights of wheeling and lessens the cost of repairs. A faultless lubricant—

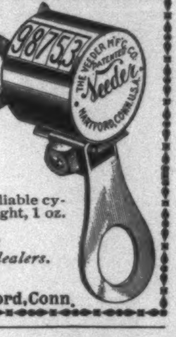
Dixon's Graphitoleo

won't gum or gather dust. Lubricates every pin and pivot as well as the chain.

Sample tube 15 cents. Dixon's No. 691 Cycle Chain Graphite in sticks, 15 cents a stick.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

How Far have I gone?



THE

VEEDER

CYCLOMETER

Answers accurately.

Smallest, neatest, and only reliable cyclometer on the market. Weight, 1 oz.

Price, $1.50.

For sale by all reliable dealers.

BOOKLET FREE

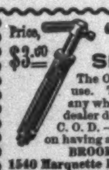
VEEDER MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

How to Earn a Bicycle.

Just go among your friends and sell 100 lbs. of Baker's **Teas, Spices or Baking Powder** and Earn a Girls' Bicycle; or you can sell a total of 75 lbs. for a Boys' Bicycle; 200 lbs. for a Ladies' or Gents' High-Grade Bicycle; 50 lbs. for a Gold Watch (Waltham or Elgin) and a Chain; 25 lbs. for a Solid Silver Watch and Chain; 10 lbs. for a Solid Gold Ring; 25 lbs. for an Autoharp; 15 lbs. for a pair of Lace Curtains; 10 lbs. for a Crescent Camera; 22 lbs. for a Typewriter.

We pay the express or freight on cash orders. Send address for particulars.

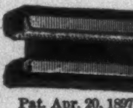
W. G. BAKER (Dept. 41), SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



"BROOKS" SPRING SEAT POST

The Original. The Best. Thousands in use. Takes away all jolt and jar. Fits any wheel. Can use any saddle. If your dealer don't have it, will be sent *on trial*, C. O. D.—satisfaction guaranteed. Insist on having a "Brooks" upon your new wheel.

BROOKS SPRING SEAT POST CO.
1540 Marquette Building, - - - - - Chicago.



Pat. Apr. 20, 1897.

EVERYBODY who rides a Bicycle should have the **Rubber Pedal Attachment.** Changes Rat Trap to Rubber Pedals in ten seconds, without bolts or rivets. Sets of two mailed for 50c by ELASTIC TIP CO., 370 Atlantic Ave., Boston; 735 Market St., San Francisco; 115 Lake St., Chicago.

$25 Chicago to California

Is the rate that will be made by the

Santa Fé Route

for the Christian Endeavor Convention in July. It will also apply **to intermediate points** and **in the reverse direction.**

Have you wished to visit the SOUTHWEST; the remarkable health resorts; the irrigated farms and orchards; the new mining camps now attracting a multitude of gold-seekers; the homes of the prehistoric cliff-dwellers and the ancient villages of the Pueblo Indians; the towering Rockies; the stupendous chasm of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River; the far-famed marvels of mountain and valley on that western shore where the blue Pacific rolls? **Then take this opportunity.**

You may learn all about it by addressing any agent of the Santa Fé Route, or the undersigned.

W. J. BLACK,
G.P.A., A.T. & S.F.Ry.,
140, 9th and Jackson Sts.,
TOPEKA, KAN.

C. A. HIGGINS,
A. G. P. A.
1340, Gt. Nor. Bldg.,
CHICAGO.

Follows the Kootenai River.

The Kootenai mining district of British Columbia, Montana, and Idaho extends on both sides of the international boundary-line with the largest development in Kaslo, Slocan, Nelson, Trail, and Rossland divisions, but the Fort Steele and American divisions have rich mining properties. The **Great Northern Railway** follows the Kootenai River for 62 miles with mines in sight from the car windows. That road has issued a descriptive folder with synopsis of mining laws, and a map showing the entire district. Apply or write to

F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., G. N. Ry.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Harper's Catalogue,

Descriptive list of their publications, with *portraits of authors*, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Insurance in Force, $113,000,000. Assets, $31,600,000.

In everything which makes Life Insurance safe, desirable, and moderate in cost the Provident is unsurpassed. Agents carefully trained and instructed.

NOTHING CAN HAPPEN TO

DUNLOP Detachable TIRES

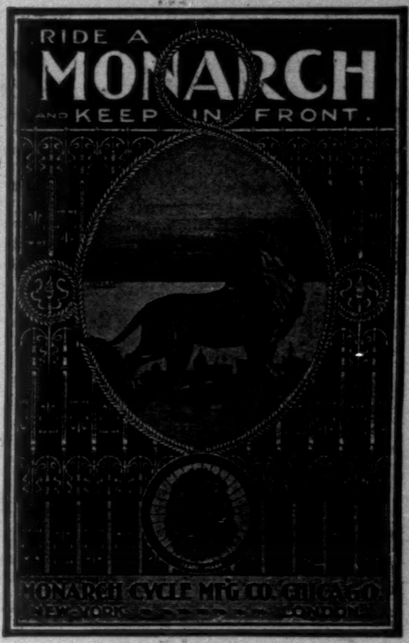
that you cannot easily repair on the road, and

THESE ARE THE ONLY TOOLS YOU'LL NEED.

Dunlop Tires are **DURABLE** and **FAST.** The fabric is not vulcanized with the rubber, and retains the strength usually lost in this process, making the tire hard to puncture and exceptionally resilient. There are more **Dunlop Tires** in use to-day than all other makes combined. They cost nothing extra on a new wheel. Insist on having **DUNLOPS.** Catalogue free from the

AMERICAN DUNLOP TIRE CO., 504 W. 14th St., N.Y.

Branches: CHICAGO, TORONTO.

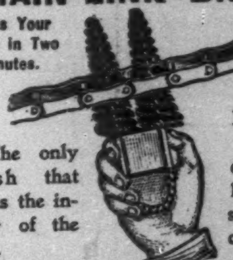


A Boon to Cyclists.

BURNIP'S (Patent)

CHAIN-LINK BRUSH

Cleans Your Chain in Two Minutes.



The only brush that cleans the interior of the links.

If your dealer does not keep it, send 50 cents to

L. H. LEADAM, Agent,
81 Pine Street, New York.

Kindly mention this publication.

History made LIBERTY BELL honored and loved · Sweetness and purity of tone have made THE NEW

"Just hear dem bells, Dey's ringing everywhere."

THEY HAVE A TONE
THAT'S ALL THEIR OWN.
NEW DEPARTURE
LOCK CLAMP

34 STYLES

FREE SOUVENIR BOOKLET upon application.

DEPARTURE BICYCLE BELLS widely known and universally appreciated. The acme of excellence—The ideal of perfection—

THE NEW DEPARTURE BELL CO.
No. 12 Main St. Bristol, Conn.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Heads the list of the highest-grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.

SOHMER & CO., Piano Manufacturers,
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.